AI.

A SOCIAL VISION

BY

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*Suppressed.

CHAPTER I.

The Amalgamation of Forces.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Shakespeare.

There was a ripple of excitement in what constituted the fashionable circle of Philadelphia, when it leaked out that the Hamilton girls had gone off and married the Burr brothers. Alice and Enid Hamilton were twin sisters, and were great favorites among the ultra fashionable. They had a long pedigree of honorable associations, were blessed with an abundance of worldly goods, and their personality was bright and attractive, so that they had hosts of admirers, among whom they numbered some worthy of being counted friends. They were known as the pretty Hamilton girls. Their coming to any resort in their summer wanderings was considered the event of the season, and the most was made of it on both sides; society sought profit by them, and they in a sweet,

helpful way sought to give all the pleasure within their power. "Those sensible Hamilton girls," they used to say, "nothing seems to spoil them. They are the same to-day they were two years ago, when they first stepped upon the stage of fashionable life, and yet their experience would have spoiled all of less genuine material." They were considered by some as a little highstrung, but by those who knew them best they were not so much highstrung in the offensive sense, as girls of independent spirit; they could not be made to stoop and cringe to anything they considered base, mercenary, selfish and mean. So that when Enid was informed that a husband had been selected for her, she replied in her sweet, respectful manner that she had already paid attention to that matter, and no selection was necessary. The matter, of course, was discussed, but the outcome was a foregone conclusion; it was simply a choice between a man she did not love, whom she could not even respect, and the man who was everything to her, and against whom nothing could be urged, who was honorable, bright and energetic, but had his fortune yet to make. In the same interview, in order to get the matter out of the way in one sweeping, the intelligence was also conveyed that Alice had done the same; that they had concluded

not to spread into too many families, and therefore they were to marry the Burr brothers, twins like themselves. The whole matter was said so inoffensively, so respectfully, but so firmly, that it was seen at once by the astonished parents that to argue the matter was useless; they nevertheless kept up the appearance of offended parental dignity, although they had secretly concluded to let the matter take its course. Enid, however, to cut off all possibility of retreat, proposed to her sister to accede at once to the importunities of the brothers, and they were accordingly married three days afterwards. One of the happy brothers was building up for himself a little business that prospered, in the way of importing choice tropical fruits; the other was an electrician, and was really the originator of many of the leading ideas which have given us our excellent system of underground wires.

The brothers, plain, practical men of action, proposed that the matter be done without parade. The day after the girls became of age, they met the brothers at Earle's gallery after business hours, on a half holiday, slipped quietly into the church of Gloria Dei by the Swanson street entrance, and were married.

It is said they plucked their bridal roses as they passed through the grounds. The dead presented

them with their wedding bouquets, and they in turn will perfume the world long after they shall have returned to the same earth.

After the ceremony in the quaint little church, they were met by a telegram requiring the immediate presence of the electrician. Some unforeseen accident had happened to the wires and must be attended to before lights were needed. Business before pleasure, agreed the practical quartette; and the electrician went about his work, while the brother took both the brides to Camden to witness the last rites at the grave of Walt Whitman.

It was a free, unconventional, happy and serious day.

If they had listened they might have heard a voice from the grave:

> All things are good; flowers from the grave
> As well as those in sunny window;
> Work is good;
> The sweet spontaneous yieldings of love
> Are good; so also
> The firm resistance to insincere and
> Hollow ambition;
> And death itself is good also.

There were of course the usual breezes, disappointments, comments and criticisms, following this little escapade of the Hamilton girls; but

they would all be forgiven at their setting up of housekeeping, when two more houses should be added to the circle dispensing charming hospitality and adding to the amenities of social life. All was marked out for them; their friends had even so far interested themselves as to select two roomy houses on Rittenhouse square, which had recently been rebuilt with antique fronts, and were in every way suited to the young people, who should certainly become the leaders of fashion. The husbands, of course, some whispered, would for a time be only appendages; but still, as nothing decidedly could be urged against them, and as they were bright and really interesting on close acquaintance, they would gradually be admitted, and would finally be forgiven for this inroad and capture they had made. No one seemed to know them except a few of the young men of fashion; and this only through business relations, in which the Burrs had outstripped them by their solid worth and genuine business capacity. They were acknowledged to be men who were slowly climbing to the top; and this not by any other methods than the most honorable and by the inherent qualities of strictest integrity.

But they had never been met in fashionable circles, and how it all came about was the thing that

puzzled everybody. The girls kept their own counsel.

Mrs. Airy had it all planned.

"Of course, Enid, you will take it; it has been charmingly refitted, everything in the most elegant manner; there are sixteen rooms, and the rent is only fifteen hundred dollars a year, very cheap for that house; and, besides, the other house, exactly like it, will do for Alice; and you will all be near me, and we will all be together, and it will be charming."

"But," replied Enid, "we can buy the house we have selected for fifteen hundred dollars; my husband has saved that, and the deed is ready for signatures. We will then have our own home, and fifteen hundred dollars a year will keep house. Besides, our income is not more than that; for we are just beginners, you know, and while things are getting better every day, yet for the present we must not live beyond our means. Of course, I have an income of my own, and father would give me all I asked for, but I have a good, manly man, proud and sensitive, and I would not wound his pride by my offers of help; I will stand by him, accepting such as he by his own energy and labor can provide."

"I do not understand. Where can you buy a house for fifteen hundred dollars? You can live in a few rooms upstairs; but you are not going to do that; you puzzle me, Enid," said Mrs. Airy.

"The matter is arranged; as I said, the deed is about being signed; you must come and see us when we get settled."

"Indeed I will; but, Enid, where are you going? This is becoming interesting; out of town, I suppose?"

"No; on Congress street."

"On Congress street?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of it. So you are going to your own house; that will be nice, and we will certainly come to see you," remarked Mrs. Airy, after meditating a moment.

Congress street is a little by-street, running west off Front, below Bainbridge. On the south side, and quite close to Front street, can be seen two squarely built brick houses, exactly alike, with massive chimneys, and the gables facing the street. They were once separated by a narrow strip of ground, and had evidently stood in a considerable tract before the street was cut through. They are now close by the street. On one of the

gables can be seen the letters C. M., and on the other house the date 1748. These inscriptions are formed of black glazed brick, built into the walls.

When these young people were out house hunting, these twin cottages had already stood there one hundred and forty-four years, and had sheltered five generations. They had once been owned by an ancestor of the Hamiltons, members of the family having lived there for a hundred years. Of recent years the houses had been lived in by various families of boatmen and laborers in the adjoining mills and docks.

The sight of these quaint twin houses with their odd inscriptions, so closely nestled to each other on this quaint street of industrious poor, filled the twin sisters with a sense of family pride. In their sunny, youthful ardor, they saw in those two little houses, two little homes, where they ought to nestle and be happy. It was an opportunity not to be neglected, and they would see to it at once.

When the houses were secured, as said before, they were separated by a narrow strip of ground. This was altered and the improvements seen today date from the time when they took possession. A builder was engaged to make certain improvements. Nothing of the old structure was in the

least disturbed, but the improvements were by way of additions, and a careful plan of the original was preserved. Brick arches span each end of the space separating the houses, and the whole was converted into a spacious veranda, which was occupied in common. It was a cool, shady place in summer, and in winter afforded a dry and convenient way of communication. The view through the two arches obtained from the street, was a tempting one to passers-by, for they had erected in the rear an elevated garden, filled with blooming plants, that made the sight a fairy scene and a constant source of delight to the neighborhood. The old fireplaces were restored as in the days of cranes, and the old stairways were exposed. The walls were cleaned and scraped of many layers of paper, down to the original layer of the solid and genuine mortar of pre-Revolutionary days. Drainage and ventilation were looked after, and all was made comfortable and bright. But the original structure was undisturbed. The doors and shutters were mended and braced and joined together, and every fragment was preserved and restored.

And then came the question of furnishing. The modern carpet, with its capacity for holding dust, was not to desecrate this abode of free and healthful existence. The waxed floors of the past,

with abundant rugs, easily handled, were to make beautiful and comfortable this home of rational souls. One of the young wives, who was quite an architectural genius, superintended all of the improvements, and was somewhat of a terror to the workmen on account of her exactions with regard to following plans which she furnished. One day she made a carpenter tear out half a day's work. "You might have known," said she, "that such battens ought to be nailed together only with wrought-iron nails, having broad, spreading heads, and neatly made by hand by a blacksmith. Screws, glue and paint, what an idea! Look at the plan—there the heads are plainly marked."

CHAPTER II

The Philosophy of the Man

[illegible]

THE social regeneration of old Philadelphia came about through a variety of influences, and by a complex mixture of forces which wrought upon one another, each force potent by itself, but which still would have been insufficient to accomplish anything, or at least not much, if left working alone.

The men and women who figured in it were a multitude; in fact, it was the whole of the conglomerated mass that was set leavening, which grew and grew into the ripeness and the proportions you see it to-day.

It concerns us to know only the leading facts and to learn the main outlines of the influences; to become acquainted with the few leading personages who constituted the leaven which was put into the meal.

That there has been a regeneration no one will fail to see who can remember or learn the condition of things half a century ago, and then see the vision that presents itself to the social philosopher in this year [illegible]. To be more explicit, one need but single out any of the districts which were once known to us as the slums, but which to-day stand improved and purified out of existence, to estimate the degree of the changes wrought. Men who saw the past to-day and things must whip their memories to recall, and the youth of to-day regard as Munchausen tales, the descriptions that some old man with keen recollections may give of the time and condition of things so long ago. Those sections of the city, once a great care to the police, would scarcely be recognized; just like some old house relieved, such are its porches and gables, its wall-ways and chimneys, its roofs and drainages, as to make it next to impossible even to imagine how it looked originally. One does not care to go back and wade those streets, breathe those airs, drink that water, bottle with that filth, revel in those sights, see those sights and die under those conditions. One tries to forget some things, and it is never known, it scarcely is wise to know. Any prurient taste is therefore to be unsatisfied. But when the loaf

sweet and brown is seen, one may be excused for revealing the process and method of leavening; when the home of beauty and of comfort appears, one is justified in telling the name of architect and master builder.

Perhaps the heart and sinew of the work was my friend Ai, whom I never consulted with reference to the publication of these facts. They can scarcely be called publications, as they have been known and seen for half a century, and become household words; so that while they have already been published they have never been recorded, and this it has seemed to many ought to be done. Ai, so thoughtful, so sensitive, so straightforward, so sympathetic, so daring, and withal so modest, thought of the matter so constantly that it was the perpetual theme of his conversation whenever we met.

He regarded society as a brotherhood, a family of children; but this family had become scattered, partly on account of want of sympathy, partly on account of strife and clashing interests. The members were at war, there was internal strife, there were factions and unworthy plays and by-plays. It was all too bad, and something must be done to bring the members of this family together; these boys must be gotten to touch

hands and see that their flesh is of the same texture, and that the same blood warms each heart. Matters are out of joint; that is all; we must bring them together and adjust the parts. It may require a little force and strength, and withal a little pain may result, but it will soon be over, and the limb will become useful. In our walks he went over the whole ground of the constitution of society, its social life, its institutions, government, laws; and [illegible] upon him like the thought of an anxious mother for an absent child. He felt intensely; his was corruption and wrong-doing, the ulcers and sores of society; but it was in no spirit of pessimism. It can all be changed. The forces of the stream can be diverted and then utilized. The conditions can be adjusted so as to bring out the highest and most desirable results. "And we must do it; no, I must do it," he used to say, "every man in his place must take a part in this upheaval and regeneration."

"Now look at that section," he said one day; "there is nothing wrong with it, the wrong lies with the men and women who are not there. You speak of the slums; what makes them slums but your faithlessness? You speak of the morally diseased; what makes them so but the taint which

others have left? The neighborhood has men and women who only need readjustment; they have broken down under strain, and need only the lifting hand of superior strength. I never see that section but I think of it as a bay, once as quiet a harbor for ships as ever was seen, but the waters have been withdrawn; the tide has gone out and left the ships stranded and useless; and if it stays out too long, stench and disease will result. What I must do is to do my part in bringing about a return of the tide; we must float those ships, we must reach those havens, and bring life and activity where is now stagnation and decay. We want a readjustment in the thought of society, so that men will come to see themselves as waters necessary to ships, and ships that can only float in waters. We have not yet learned that the different classes of society are necessary to one another; that one can scarcely tell which is the most important—the ship, the water, or even the deep mud or shifting sands that hold the water. We need a sense of sympathy; we must join hands, and say we are brethren."

One day I saw a great sore on Ai's hand, which grew and festered and became feverish, and seemed stubborn and unyielding. I recommended excellent poultices and plasters. "Ah, that,"

said he, "is just what we are doing, what I am doing, with this business of society. I apply the plaster on the outside and get a little temporary relief, but it only breaks out somewhere else. What really is necessary is purification of the blood; men need purifying from within. The remedy is not the plaster applied on the outside, but the trouble lies deeper than that, and when we have learned the seat of the disease we have gotten to the bottom of things."

To elucidate what he meant he would go into particulars and cite facts and bring forth instances. "Now look at it, it is all wrong. There is another church for sale, and the congregation about moving west, where the pastor says his flock has gone. What he means by that I scarcely know, for I find the neighborhood a bee-hive. Soon you will hear this same church in its new comfortable quarters, talking of doing benevolent work, and proposing to operate upon the slums. It is the same story over again. It is applying the blister, the plaster or the poultice on the outside, while the seat of the disease and the blood are untouched. We operate upon the outside, I operate upon the outside, in my philanthropic intentions, instead of going deep down and bringing health and purity from within. The churches have ceased being a

leaven hidden in the meal." And thus he would talk. Our mutual friend, Impey, who frequently joined us in our walks, added to this last observation that the work of the churches reminded him more of grease than leaven, which the baker spread over the hard and indigestible loaf, to make it shiny and presentable. Impey was no churchman, but this operating upon the slums from without always seemed to him the most insidious error with which the church had ever been blinded.

One matter which entered largely into his philosophy, Al loved to dwell upon. It grew into an enthusiasm, as he sought to give it practical shape. It was not all a wild dream, but the matter rested upon a foundation deep down in the constitution of society. The evidences that this was sound philosophy are now so plainly seen all about us that attention need but be called to it to convince us of the farsightedness of his opinions. The history of it, how it all began and was brought about, this may interest us, and with this we are more directly concerned.

He maintained that society will never be regenerated until each will come to regard himself as a part of it; the parts must be adjusted; now they lie apart; they must be brought together.

The rivets, the screws, the glue and the braces must bind this machine together, that it may do its work. The separation of the classes lies at the foundation of our troubles. The rich are getting richer, the poor are getting poorer, and with this change in fortune comes a separation in abode, and a loss of that sympathy which close proximity carries with it. We have our classes, and they are known by the quarter they live in. Men are drifting not only in their abodes, but are becoming separated in feeling. There are those who are moving north and west and those who are drifting east and south; and as they drift apart and cross each other's paths they view each other with feelings of suspicion. One class hates the other, and the other simply despises in return.

"Now there will be a change in all this when there is a return of the ghosts of the grandfathers to the old homesteads, and I will live to see it." As he dwelt on this, his eyes brightened and his whole frame quivered with pleasurable excitement. "I believe there will be a literal coming back of the tide, a real infusing of health and strength into the blood itself. Young men and women will come and live where their ancestors lived. Maidens will walk those halls and dance in those rooms where once their grandmothers danced. There

has been enough of this false philosophy; men will live naturally and humanely; rich and poor will dwell together like brethren. It all means the ushering in of a happy era of sane humanity and brotherhood."

"Are you not sanguine?" I sometimes suggested. "Yes, but I have a right to be; for there is an awakening to a realization of the worth of things, and this will work out this phase of the regeneration I am alluding to."

"What do you mean? Please explain."

"Perhaps a single allusion will cover the principle. The other day I strayed into one of those old residences on Front street, and saw one of the numerous old homesteads scattered all through that section of old Philadelphia, lying along the Delaware. My attention was attracted to the quaint shutters and their locks and hinges; the beauty and elaborateness of the doorway tempted me into the hall, a glimpse of which I had. Once inside, the arches and stairways and architectural marks of bygone days were examined, and the whole afforded an hour's keen enjoyment. Now this taste for the antique alone will be a strong factor in bringing back the social tide. There is, of course, the stronger motive, that feeling of humanity and sense of brotherhood, the mellowing

of the kindly heart, that is slowly but surely going on all around us among the younger people. All this will aid to work out the problem; but the love of the old and substantial, the historical associations of the past, this will bear no mean part in this social regeneration. Things are just in their formative state. Up to this date it has been a fad; it has been surface work and shallow, this worship of the antique; but its foundation rests upon a base deep down, and we are getting to it, and then will begin to build; mark my word. We have brought out the spinning-wheel and have gilded it and decorated it; we will now move back to the room that once heard its music. I do not say that we will abandon the factory and reinstate the spinning-wheel—not that; but we will return to the abode of our grandmothers and live in somewhat the simplicity and comfort of their time, and we will be happier than they on account of the advantages which the times have brought. I do not believe that we will much longer let these treasures of the old homesteads lie unearthed. It is really too bad to see the lack of appreciation. The other day I saw a group of sailors sitting around an open fireplace, with its fine old richly carved mantel; the fire was burning low, and one of the company, a strong, ox-like fellow, reached

over and wrenched off one of the carved pillars supporting the mantel, and rebuilt the fire. A splinter clung to a nail; with this he lighted his pipe. It made my æsthetic blood creep. This will no longer continue; the young people will appoint themselves committees to see to this. We will still have associations to care for a building of historic note, here and there, but will also see two and two love and join hands and go down and begin their housekeeping where a century ago their grandmothers lived and were happy. We have given our money, we have written our books, we have sent our substitutes, we have done everything to exhibit our interest in the troubled and the oppressed; but now will begin an era when men will give themselves, their presence and personality, and they will grasp the hands of those whom they wish to be friendly to. It will be an age of personal service. And this service will not be rendered by proxy, with a supercilious, faraway daintiness, but there will be a living, genuine, human sympathy of real brotherhood and neighborly contiguousness growing in the soil. The regeneration will be wrought by the home acting upon the home. We are entering upon this era and we will both live to see it far advanced."

And thus we would walk and talk. Sometimes in our long strollings in the park we would rest, and getting a bird's-eye view of the city he would say, "That will really once more become a city of brotherly love. We drink the same water, but we do not breathe the same air; the new era will alter that. We will walk the same pavements to our homes and breathe the same air." On winter days when it was more pleasurable to walk the sunny side of the street, we would stroll into the by-streets of the old town and see the quaint old buildings with their shingle roofs and bays, and arched doorways, stopping here and there to examine something more quaint than the rest. In these walks he would say, "Living hearts are wanted now who will appreciate this. We want men and women who will walk uprightly to see this. These people crawl; they creep under these roofs for shelter; but the fault is not all theirs; it is the fault of the brotherhood. We want men who will walk like men and lift their heads as they go in and out, and the contagion will spread. See that puddle; it will disappear when the new era appears." "But," I asked, "how about the overcrowding, how about the displacement when this inflow of philanthropy begins?" "There will be some displacement of course, but not to any

serious extent. Mark, I do not say that there will be a flood that will overflow this parched ground and make it blossom and fruitful—not that. What I do maintain, is that the old homesteads will be sought out and inhabited by the descendants; these naturally will be few. Besides, social heroes will not be found marching in regiments. I said it will be leaven in the meal; not an addition of other meal to displace the present population. It will be leaven, active, sweet and forceful, that will accomplish this social regeneration." And thus we would walk and talk. But it was not all talk. Ai was a man of action.

CHAPTER III.

A College Settlement.

A man does not choose the scene of his work. The man who knows his goal and wills to reach it, has felt the call of God written in letters of fire—"This is thy place."—Ibsen.

Minster Street is a narrow lane running off Seventh Street, above Lombard. It was on this street that Ai first appeared as a co-worker in this social regeneration. When the college settlements were first inaugurated, Andover House, Hull House, the college settlement in New York, and Toynbee Hall in London, Ai had lived and worked on Minster Street for a considerable time, almost unknown, except to the little world of the poor around him.

No one knows precisely the earliest history of his work on Minster Street. It is a matter concerning which he always exhibited a freezing reticence. On more than one occasion did I try, in not too intrusive a way, either, to draw him out; but the snail always drew himself into his shell, and all conversation was closed for that evening. It was known among his friends, that if anyone wished to spoil the social feast, he need but refer, even remotely, to Ai's first steps in his work, this

chilled the flow of conversation and Ai dropped out of the circle as completely as if he had never been there. Why this reticence, why this strange moving away from the light, no one was able clearly to ascertain. All that was positively known is the fact that he was found there, lodged in a little house adjoining a small church; that he was known to the people in the street, who found him there when they moved in. No one in that shifting population had been there long enough to know anything very far back, and so there were difficulties in writing ancient history. A rather amusing tale is to the effect that he was a Jesuit in disguise; had been educated in a Jesuitical college and was a man of the most dangerous and insidious character. All this praying out of the Book of Common Prayer was a part he was playing; it worked well, and he had slain his allotted number. His professions in the way of ritualism were all a pretense. His affectations in the direction of the Broad Church movement, bordering almost on Unitarianism, which others curiously detected running on a parallel with his ritualism, were all thoroughly consistent with the ways and plan of the Jesuit, and he was one, of the rankest character. Others admitted his Jesuitical origin, but gave another version of the matter. They maintained he had really been sent out by a Jesuit com-

munity, but had fallen under the influence of the Unitarians, into which extreme he had flowed; then in turn the Episcopalians had had their influence, and he had ebbed back again, and stranded about half way between the two. The Jesuits execrated his name; he had played them false.

Many such stories were afloat, but the one which seemed to have most coherency and probability about it, was to the effect that he was a young gentleman of private fortune, connected with a substantial and honorable family in Holland. He had come to this country on his bridal trip, both of the pair mere children; and while here a child was born, who died when a few years old. The mother soon followed. During the sickness of the boy, Ai had been touched by the attentiveness of the poor villagers among whom they were cast; who did numerous little offices in their humble way for the child's relief. He never returned to his native land, but tried to repay the poor by kindly deeds.

This story was filled out variously as it was passed along. What gave it a substantial foundation was the fact that on a shelf in his room, stood a little iron locomotive and a train of cars. This little locomotive had been seen in every home containing a sick child, throughout that whole community. He would take it from place to place, and sit for hours and amuse the little invalids.

This had been going on for several years. When the machine needed brightening, he would buy a little red paint to freshen up the wheels. One day an accident happened, but he had the break repaired at considerable expense, so precious was this particular plaything to him, as it went on its errands of mercy.

But Ai was unapproachable on the subject, and nothing definite could be learned of the matter, and his chilling manner on this one point forbade anyone from telling him what was said or supposed.

The first time I met Ai I shall never forget, although it is now over fifty years ago. There was a small company at the Burrs'. A lawyer, a merchant, a neighbor who had come in accidentally, and perhaps one or two others were there. I had never heard of Ai. One thing impressed itself. We had spent the evening in light talk, with a cream of more serious conversation after the first hour, but during half of the evening, the stranger seemed to have nothing to say. The rest monopolized the conversation, and I had dropped him, supposing it to be a case of misfit; some relative, perhaps, brought there by courtesy, or maybe a casual visitor. Still, he did not seem altogether indifferent to what was said. He had a bright eye that sparkled, and as something might

interest him, he would turn in his chair nervously, check himself, and then settle down again without saying a word. The conversation had gone on for a long time, and the problems had apparently been settled; when Enid Burr turned, and addressing the quiet stranger, asked whether the matter was not capable of being revised—whether there was not a possible amendment.

His eye flashed and in a gentle, low voice, he asked the lawyer a question which seemed to stagger him. On receiving an answer he next asked the neighbor a question; this answer seemed to please him, for he passed on to the next, and so made the circle. Such consummate catechising I never heard. He turned and overturned; flung away and then brought back again; he cut here and sewed up there, until the fabric bore little resemblance to its former self. For one hour he had the room to himself. No one seemed capable of uttering an independent thought; no one had the courage of an idea which was not inspired and brought on the scene by Ai. It was one of the most remarkable instances of successful argument that I had ever witnessed. What was so noticeable was the complete good humor that all maintained. Each was taken in turn, thrown from his pedestal, had his wings clipped, and then was set back again, almost without knowing that it was

done. We were brought around to a position in which every one felt easy and at home, and yet which bore no resemblance to that which we had occupied before. Each felt that he really believed this; that it was a logical conclusion; and that we were now on a solid foundation; although it was almost a direct denial of the former position. And it was done in a way that left no sting; no one felt himself thrown or beaten; and nothing but the utmost good humor prevailed. This is what Enid meant when she asked whether there might not be an amendment to this, or whether the matter was not capable of revision.

We often met afterwards, but the impressions of that first meeting were only strengthened by our subsequent relations. "Let us get to the bottom of this; let us seek foundations," he used to say. Enid roguishly called him the Amended and Revised Version; and in the numerous companies of distinguished people whom she gathered at her home, she had always stowed away in some obscure corner, Ai, whom she brought on the scene at the proper time. She used him as she would a race horse; nursed his strength until the last lap, and then gave the rein. Those who were let into the secret said that Ai was her trump which never failed. Old and knowing friends watched with great interest the game which new-comers

played so guilelessly ; and it was a constant source of amusement to see how strangers were betrayed into many a seemingly inextricable thicket, out of which, however, they were always gallantly led in the end, by Ai.

"Officer, can you tell me where Minster Street is?"

"Right here. For whom are you looking?"

The ladies explained, and the officer accompanied them up the narrow street, and showed them the house.

"Can you tell me where I will find Minster Street?" This time it was two young men. They also found their way up the slushy street.

"It's delightful to have you here," said Ai to the bright company of young people who had gathered around a blazing fire.

"I am already convinced," said one, as he exhibited his boots. "I am sorry," replied Ai, "but I think you had better not rub it until it dries; it will come off."

"I am glad I put on my rubber boots," added one of the ladies.

His eyes twinkled as he remarked that he would rather discuss these economic questions here, than in some of their homes.

He had a little theory of his own, that one half of the world does not have a chance, and that it

would be a great gain to have these social questions threshed out right on the ground. To wade up the street was so convincing, and it made the argument so forceful, better than an illustrated article in a magazine. So they often met at Ai's rooms. Sometimes they changed to Mrs. Burr's.

CHAPTER IV.

A Thinking Man at Work.

You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.—*Shakespeare.*

After my first meeting with Ai at Mrs. Burr's, I was anxious to see a little more of him. I found him one evening in his rooms on Minster Street. He had a gathering of a dozen boys in his large living room, which was also his study; the boys were looking over some old books, containing curious wood-cuts, and finding amusement in the engravings of the magazines. Several were playing a game, and one or two preferred the fireside, where Ai was telling them something about the history of the city, this very neighborhood in fact, which at one time was considered a suburb of the

city, and a very fine section, too; some of the houses out in the fields, surrounded by trees. This was long ago. There was the little brick house around the corner, that was once occupied by a man who became very rich; his grandchildren were living, but scarcely knew of the existence of the homestead; they never came near the place, though living not so very far away, in great luxury and elegance. This little place was once considered quite a homestead; possibly the occupants of the old place were happier than the descendants.

The boys said they had played hide-and-seek around every nook and corner, every court and lane, and it was all familiar to them; but they had never known that the old buildings dated back to Revolutionary days; and when Ai told them of some well-known landmarks, they became quite interested. One of the boys was learning carpentering, and Ai told him of some fine specimens of arched doorways; such work, honest and lasting, was not to be seen nowadays. The boy said he would go and see for himself; he was especially interested in dormer windows and cornices; and Ai suggested that it would really be a fine thing if he could make drafts of some of the old pieces of architecture, and carry the idea out in the modern houses. There was a growing taste for the antique, and a new idea would be paid for;

he could get no newer idea than the old ones all around, and to be had for the looking, by an observing, critical, and appreciative eye.

Here another boy suggested that he was getting along nicely in his drawing, in the class which Ai had started, and that he could do the sketching for the carpenter, and they would form a sort of partnership. "Yes, you can help one another; you can draw and he can construct; we are mutually dependent upon one another, and society will get along when we learn that fact."

"There are some old spotted buildings on Race Street, near Front, and on Elfreth Street, and plenty of 'em along Front Street," suggested a boy who had laid aside a game and had been attracted to the fireside group. They were colonial buildings Ai suggested; they used to build them with black and red bricks; the black bricks exposing the ends: it made a very compact and well-knit wall; and such mortar,—it was worth while laying bricks in such mortar. "It would also be worth your while," he added, "to find out how the mortar was made, and then search for a man who was honest enough to make it, after contracting."

The boys then leaned over closer and each made his contribution of information concerning some old building that was standing in some obscure court, but which must be very old, judging by

the door-ways and the spotted walls. "It's a pity," remarked a bushy-haired fellow, "it's a pity they took away the house of William Penn." "It seems like taking an old tree up by the roots; it may grow, but it is probable that it will not," added Ai; "but this is a money-loving age; business and love of gain take the lead, and the old site was needed."

After thus amusing and instructing these boys, Ai asked me to go with him to see the gymnasium. He set out a pile of books containing engravings of old landmarks, also a few architectural periodicals, and then left the boys to themselves. He had about fifty boys present that night, in a deep cellar under a Church, which he had fitted up with swings and bars and every convenience of a well-fitted gymnasium. A cellar he maintained was preferable to an upper room, as there was no jar on alighting in jumping; the low ceiling was a drawback, however; but it was cool, even in summer. "This you see is under a Church; it lies at the foundation of the making of men. You know, when you come to think about it, that this subject of amusements is one which we cannot evade; and to amuse one another rationally will soon be considered one of the duties between men. Many men are wicked because they have at some period not been

amused, or have been amused improperly. I have a friend, Impey, who prophesies the day when work will be the exception, only an incident in life, and when men will have more time for play; and in that day there will be scope for the development of this idea of recreation. Work will be properly remunerated; the fruits of toil more equitably distributed; and this in connection with a more rational mode of living, to save the candle at the other end, will give us all more time for play. It is well worth our time to pay attention to the gospel of rational play."

He had fitted up a swimming-bath in the rear; and some of the boys were in it, having a hilarious time. "The body," said he, "must be kept clean, and then there is a chance of men respecting themselves; but not before. It would be interesting to inquire how many families in this large city are still strangers to the bath-tub. I examined into the matter, and the revelation set me thinking. When men have scarcely room for sleeping decently, a room for the bath is out of the question. This bath is kept going all day, and until late into the night; a rotation of boys and men, women and girls, at different hours. It is their bath; they pay their attendant and keep it in order; a very small fee only is required. One day the pipe became clogged, and the bath was

closed; I told them it was their affair; they had not paid their little contributions. After that they were regularly paid; and the whole was put on a self-supporting basis."

As we passed through the gymnasium on our return, he called my attention to a singular feature of gymnasium life. "I wonder," said he, "whether that boy who is beating that sand-bag so zealously, would split kindlings for his sister. There used to visit the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., a genius who walked himself almost to death in the ring, but always came and left in the cars. A number of youths conscientiously taking care of their health would strip and go through the evolutions, but had never been guilty of bringing up coal or removing ashes. It is one of the most interesting fields to the philosopher, this subject of gymnasiums. If some one could only by some secret contrivance, catch and utilize this expenditure of physical force and make it productive in the direction of providing the necessaries of life, it would at least feed and clothe the number who visit such places. They say Burr is working out an electric conceit that will work a revolution some day. Burr maintains that there is enough expenditure of energy at a dance, of say fifty persons, in one evening, to propel the cars on the Ridge Avenue line for a whole week; and all

this is wasted. Now the bother is how to propel those cars and at the same time not spoil the fun of the evening. Burr thinks the railroad men would pay a little price to get the precious force now wasted at the dances of the *Assembly*. Have you ever thought about it! Did you ever see horses sweat like those youths and gay maidens in their innocent glee?"

He then led me up a narrow winding stairway into the Church over the gymnasium. He was having some alterations made; an arch was being constructed about midway, leaving one half of the Church with raised platform for singers, the seats facing one another; while the other half was for the congregation. He had, he said, gathered about fifty girls whom he had trained to sing; and they being mostly poorly clad were uniformed in white surplices, thus obliterating any distinction in their dress. A few of the workingmen also thought they ought to have preaching; so a little bird's nest pulpit was hung just outside the arch. "You see," he explained, "we were having mostly conferences and discussions up to this time; but now they would like to have formal addresses occasionally, and I think it will do no harm, and may do good."

"You do not preach then?" I inquired. "O, no; O dear no; never did," he replied.

"The matter has been rather an informal affair; these people came to me one at a time and the little company grew, I scarcely know how. There were a number of colored laborers among them, who thought we ought to have a Church, for we talked of the rights of the laborer, and were on the side of the desolate and the oppressed, and stood up for justice in all things; there were bodies who did not go so far as that, and who yet had churches. If they had a right, we had. And so they began; and the result, in a few years, was this little Church. The gymnasium was there before, and the Church was built over it as an after thought. At first we had our meetings, at which I suggested a subject; sometimes read a little paper by way of introduction, and then the matter was thrown open for general discussion. It excited a great deal of interest; and it has been a revelation to me to find how these fellows think. The good sense and practical ideas of which these men with rough exteriors give evidence, is really quite astonishing. You must come around sometime; but you must not talk; you will find it hard to keep quiet of course; but they are backward when there is fine speech about.

"And now they think they ought to have their preacher. I suggested it ought to be one of their number; they ought to select the one of deepest

thought and most practical sense. On the evening of the election a little talk was indulged in, in which one speaker maintained that he knew one who was very eloquent, a good speaker, and who would do. Another followed in which he reminded the speaker who had just sat down that it was a man among their number of deepest thought and practical sense that was suggested, and now there was talk of eloquence and good fluent speech. There was danger on the score of words, wind in fact; there was plenty of that; what they needed was one who would lead them in *thought*.

"The result of it all was that a big-headed African was chosen. He was slow of speech, but said more in one sentence than the whole meeting could digest for the following week; and he always closed with the question, 'And now what are its practical aspects, how are you to live this out?' He is one of the few men of color who have learned a trade; and is really an expert carpenter; he has gathered quite a little library on building and construction; a few of those books the boys had belong to him.

"That pulpit was constructed by him and is really quite a piece of art. These addresses were to be only occasional, so as to avoid the snag of perfunctorial formalism. The preacher was to speak when he had anything to say; and under no cir-

cumstance was he expected to speak merely to fulfil an appointment. He could also command anyone to ascend the pulpit if he saw evidence of the gift of *thought*."

Ai then led me into a little room, a sort of workshop, fitted up with carpenter's bench and a great variety of tools. Here he said he had given boys the first introduction to the use of tools, which afterwards led in many instances to their learning a trade. He was anxious that the colored youth should learn trades and open out various avenues through which they could maintain themselves; now they seemed to be shut in and limited to a few sources of livelihood.

He then took down a roll of papers and spread them out on the bench. They were the plans of a block of buildings in process of erection just back of the Church. The condition of the courts had been simply dreadful; the poor people huddled together like cattle; and the surface drainage prevented all decent living. He had called the attention of Burr to the matter; and, on inquiring, found that Mrs. Burr owned property there, in the hands of an agent, the location of which was not even known to her. She made a visit herself one day, and came again in the evening to see the night life.

She was taken sick and was laid up for a week

with nervous prostration after what she saw and heard; and right on her own property, too. They were now having the matter attended to; and while they were about it they got other property owners interested, neighbors of the Hamiltons and pew holders in the same Church, who also were informed by their agents that the property was theirs.

"You see we have the whole block now, with all the courts in the rear; and this is the plan upon which the new buildings will be erected. Of course all the rookeries will be torn down, and the wells filled up, and a complete system of drainage will be constructed throughout. The buildings will be two stories higher, but that will give more room for open spaces; and instead of the numerous courts lined with one story shanties we will build rooms upward and convert the little courts into an attractive park; every family having an outlook upon this park. And I have made sure to arrange that the same poor people who have been displaced from their mean homes, will really come back and occupy the improved dwellings. There will be no moving in of a different class of people, paying higher rents, and then having this pass as an improvement of the neighborhood and an elevation of the inhabitants. Nothing of the sort. The same people will live there; there will be no driv-

ing out of the very people who need this, and the bringing in of a class who do not need it.

"See, here will be a music stand for summer night concerts. There is considerable home talent among the poor, and they will be encouraged to organize and make their contribution to the common weal. The orgies are simply frightful. These musicians will be sought out and brought together."

Then he spread out another plan, giving the details of the dwellings. "These," said he, "are really not the original drawings, the original drawings can scarcely be recognized after Enid Burr's alterations. It takes a woman to plan the inside of a home and to secure closets and other handy arrangements. She laughs at the idea of a man being the architect of the inside of a home; and to see the plans of some houses one must confess that she has the better of the argument. They are getting under way with the buildings, and I hope to see the poor people soon settled in their new homes.

"Many have gone to the country, where they are employed in berrying and fruiting; they live in tents, mostly, and it gives an opportunity to build without much inconvenience to them.

"They say this new venture has created a great interest; and the prospect is that there will be a

general hauling down of the rookeries. Enid Burr is carrying the question right into the enemy's camp. Last summer at Bar Harbor, she won over a host of the elite who are spending at expensive hotels the money paid in rents by these wretched poor. That woman is a host."

He then suggested that we return to the boys in his room. My time was limited, and I took leave of him at the end of the narrow, filthy street, the stench of the surface drainage almost suffocating me. "I don't like it myself," said he, "but it seems it is the only way to bring us thoughtless and heartless souls to a sense of the condition of things. I breathed this air and that set me thinking. Men are good-hearted enough, but they don't think; and we must do something to make them think. One half does not know how the other half lives, and *we must get both halves to think*."

CHAPTER V.

A Working Man A-thinking.

On Beauty's foot, your slippers glance,
By Saratoga's fountains,
Or twinkle down the summer dance
Beneath the Crystal Mountains.—*Whittier*.

Much of my information was secured through

my friend Impey, whose active life covered the period of which I write. As Impey plays so large a part in our world, perhaps a little personal information would not be out of place.

Mr. Israel Impey, after graduating from Harvard, came to Philadelphia a young man of twenty-three, and secured unimportant positions in several offices for a year. During this year the labor troubles of sixty years ago caused agitations with regard to the hours that should constitute a day's work; and Impey took an active interest in the matter, taking the ground that men labored too much and needed more time for recreation. He maintained that a single man could support himself by laboring three hours a day; and by the time a man got ready to marry, his skill and experience ought to enable him to maintain a household by laboring six hours per day. This was not all a theory with Impey, but he set about to make an actual demonstration of it, and chose shoemaking as his means of livelihood. This for several reasons. In the village where he was born, he had spent as a boy a good deal of his time loitering around shoemakers' shops, and had actually served a year, during which time he had developed a remarkable skill for making a complete shoe. He was a shoemaker who made a complete shoe. The race has almost died out, and

only in the remote districts are to be found old men who can boast of being shoemakers. The cities are full of vampers and heelers, but Impey is a shoemaker. This little accident of having a trade was one of the reasons that guided him in his choice. But aside from the fact of knowing the trade, he maintained that there was no other employment that afforded him so much practical leisure. He could control his hours, and that was everything. The machinist must conform to the demands of his employer; the physician must go when called for; the financier must compete with other financiers; all trades and employments are surrounded by circumstances which make long hours imperative. But while at shoemaking a man can refuse orders, reduce his working hours at his pleasure, and when work is done, has no cares and anxieties, and can devote himself to self improvement and congenial leisurely occupation. He can close business in three days, fulfill all his obligations and disappoint nobody; and this advantage of extricating oneself is one of the luxuries of living. The lawyer cannot do it,—his cases are pending; the physician cannot—humanity demands that he should not desert a case; banking, manufacturing on a large scale, railroading—all the employments of life seem characterized by this, that when you are once in them you cannot get

out. They are rat-traps; or they are play-houses—you wish to stay until it is all over; they compel you to go on; they place you under obligations. It is death only that will extricate you and even then your friends will not excuse you, but will think themselves wronged; they will think your obligations not fulfilled and will see you to your grave with hearts filled with blame, if not resentment. Impey philosophically went over the whole matter and settled upon shoemaking, which met with his ideal of combining labor with plenty of leisure, during which he could gratify his taste for literature. And as said before, he happened to have a skill with awl and pegs; but that was a mere accident; he would have reasoned himself into the same position, had he never seen an awl; and his practical turn of mind would have led him to learn the trade even had he been obliged to go to a remote district or to some foreign country to do so. Impey opened his shop at No. 3, Chancery Lane, a narrow street running off Arch Street, below Second; in a quaint colonial house with fine arched doorway, hip roof and dormer window. He hung out a lady's shoe, with information that it had been made complete within, and that each shoe would be mended as long as desired, free of cost. The novelty attracted attention, and the young business men, who had their ware-houses in

that district sixty years ago, talked of the matter to their wives and suggested that it would be a good thing to get their shoes there; the cobbling would be thrown in; besides the shoe was unmistakably a genuine hand-made shoe. It never occurred to the young husbands that the shoe was a lady's shoe, and they learned the limitations of the business when they applied for measurements and were peremptorily refused. Impey catered only to ladies and that also decided the matter that the cobbling was exclusively for ladies; which also had a peculiar interest, as we shall see farther on. That matter alone caused comment, which was an advertisement. The ladies of course admired his gallantry, and the husbands saw in it an advantage, as it made a man more skillful when devoted to one particular line of work; so the business at once grew into fair proportions, and by and by Impey was necessitated to refuse orders and confine himself to his regular customers. Everything was arranged and regulated in a business-like way. He knew how many pairs of shoes they would order per year, and when, and the price; and allowing for the cobbling he had reduced the whole to a system, which made his income regular and ample, and gave him that leisure which he so much desired, and which he maintained would be a *sine*

qua non attending all employments when society should be properly and sanely constituted.

What, however, gave no little impetus to his business, aside from the excellent workmanship, was the literary bent which he exhibited. Belated business men would pass the lighted window and see him pondering over some huge volume, by the light of a large lamp suspended low by his knees, after the custom of cobblers. The window had a solitary pair of ladies' shoes, with the note concerning the cobbling, which was to be thrown in, and the rest of the window was piled with magazines, reviews, books, and papers in infinite variety. It was puzzling to many, and it was quite often taken for a second-hand book store. No one ever saw him cobble by lamp-light, as was so universally the custom, with cobblers, but the Review or the latest book occupied his evening leisure. All this seemed odd, and the talk it caused brought him instantaneous success.

He might have been considered odd at first acquaintance, but no one thought him so who really knew him. Those who expected to see a man with a certain flash of genius, but with unmistakable marks of the half educated mechanic, were sure to be surprised. He was a graduate of Harvard; and all the culture there obtained was only sharpened by years. If on the other hand anyone expected

to find a true literary genius, but slouchy and repulsive and utterly unfit for polite society, he was soon disabused of his preconceived opinions, by seeing a gentleman in every sense of the word, in dress and manners thoroughly in accord with the usages of the best society. When on the bench he wore rough substantial clothing and the conventional shoemaker's apron. He loved the loose fitting shoes or slippers unmended, usual to shoemakers. This was no affectation, but it gave him comfort while at work. Those who expected to see the cobbler at work in a neat, tailor-made, well-brushed suit, paid little compliment to his good sense and habit of adaptation. His dress was the conventional shoemakers', and any deviation from it would have been an affectation which he scorned. When, however, his three hours' work was over, he would take his bath, arrange his toilet, and step out upon the pavement in as neat a costume as was to be seen on Chestnut Street. This was really a matter of economy, he maintained. The genius who affects baggy trousers, and oddly cut coat, and remarkable hat, pays a premium for the cut. It is cheaper to buy a hat in the market, and clothes that are made for the season. Fashion did not enslave him, but his purse dictated that he had better follow it within prudent lines. His custom was to spend his mornings in the book

stores and libraries, where he was a well known visitor. He preferred the morning when his mind was fresh and receptive. At one o'clock precisely, he would don his rough clothes, and go to his bench, and work until four. This rested his brain and brought him bread. He then would dress again, take a promenade on some busy street, look at windows and study character, and then devote his evenings to such society engagements as he might have. He had a little alcove curtained off from his room, in which he slept; a mat covered one half of his room, and a corner was exclusively devoted to his work and its litter, which was kept unusually brushed and tended. His room frequented by ladies was not unsightly, neither was it characterized by such primness as to make his trade seem incongruous to the place. There was a happy medium between primness and slovenliness, which never called forth remark, but which was really remarkable. He believed in good living. A man, to be really and fully a man, must be properly fed. He traced the iniquities of the day to bad feeding. One half of the world is underfed and the other half overfed, he maintained; and so men have a hard time living rightly. He dined at no particular place, but was in the habit of changing about, at one restaurant and then at another; and if his appetite did not call for it,

at none. This was not penuriousness, it was following a law of nature. If his appetite called for it he would go to the best hotel, order the most expensive and elaborate dinner, and take all the time he desired, and make a success of his undertaking. The time of year, the weather, his health, all had a regulating influence. He lived regularly and well, and he believed in it; and to do so, a man without vices need not work more than three hours per day. This was a fundamental doctrine of his, and he gave the matter a practical test; and the change of mind on this subject wrought during the past fifty years was brought about largely by the personal influence of Israel Inpey. He was no empty dreamer, no impracticable theorist, but his cool every day demonstrations infected those around him. "There is a man who does not believe in working fast nor in living fast," was remarked many times a day as he was met in his daily promenades.

"Men burn the candle at both ends, that is the trouble," he used to say. "They live too fast and then try to make up by working, which is lighting the other end. Work is an accident of the world. Play and congenial employment ought to be the rule; and when we rationalize our leisure, we will have more of it, and the toil of life will be reduced to a minimum. We must stop the

leaks; senseless luxuries, and riotous indulgence are two of them; when these are stopped, the inflow need not be so large."

CHAPTER VI.

A Little Leaven.

A merry bridal life, fair as a legend, vast as a dream.—*Owen.*

The Burts had become settled in their homes on Congress Street. The twin houses had been connected by the covered veranda, which was overrun with blooming roses. At the other side of each house was built a smaller porch for the private use of the family. It was an Edenic, happy life they led, full of little romances and incidents. The veranda was used in common, and here they mingled daily and entertained their friends.

The poor of the neighborhood were made welcome there; and when the nights became cool, they found a welcome by the fireside, and partook of the amenities of these happy homes.

They by a mutual arrangement had a common table, and meals throughout the warm season were served on the veranda, which was a fairy bower of plants and vines. This with the bright and taste-

ful dresses of the sisters, accompanied by cheerful and helpful conversation, made the scene one which had its healthful influence upon such as thought little of the hour of refreshment as a season of relaxation and delight.

"Look at that happy picture," the passers-by would say; and many such a picture has since been created; and slips from those vines and flowers have sprouted in many humble homes throughout the neighborhood. The happiness in this home became contagious. The brothers always came home for their meals and the intervals were too long and the stays too short. It was one of the marked features of this movement toward the ancestral homes that husbands now came home at noon and brought their business friends with them. The home-life was emphasized and this brought about the decay of the saloon. The twin sisters played their little pranks and there was infinite amusement in the little mistakes the twin brothers fell into while trying to identify their wives. The brides would persist in dressing alike; every wave in their hair, every blush in their cheeks, were exactly alike; even the dimples were placed with mathematical exactness. They were the pretty Hamilton girls; and where one was invited they both appeared, and when one only was meant the other frequently substituted with impunity.

This roguishness never deserted them, and it had its sequels of merriment. To get over the matter each husband kissed both the pretty wives and then made a guess, and particularized; and then to make sure that no mistake was made, kissed both again. And thus the coming home of tired husbands was rich with fun and merriment.

There was only one mark to distinguish them —the clear bell-like voice of Enid. No one can describe a voice that charms. You can describe a voice that grates upon your nerves, but a voice that charms is hard to tell about, it simply charms. Both voices were pleasing, but Enid's charmed. So it was necessary to suppress the laugh; and many a jest fell flat before the tell-tale laugh was extracted.

This matter of twins had its practical conveniences. One-half the worry about the wardrobes was saved; each in turn trusted the other in selection, and they always ordered double. They took turns at shopping, and there never was the slightest dissatisfaction. They were born with tastes alike. The culinary arrangements were also greatly simplified, for the choice of one proved the choice of the other, and the good husbands never lost confidence in their judgment.

This joyous bridal life continued until the end

of the second year, when a baby girl was born to Enid. From this date on the little deceptions were rendered more difficult. The babe knew no stranger, and unhesitatingly chose its mother for bosom friend, and never made a mistake. This led to numerous inglorious betrayals when the old tricks were attempted. The little girl would come upon the scene at an inconvenient time; and one day when in a spirit of banter an experiment was made, it knew its own father. It was voted a great girl and a wise one, by the merry company. And all this happiness within spread to the homes around. The high and ugly fence that once surrounded the premises was taken down, and the beauty of the place became common property. The little group of trees with their fine cool shade had under them restful benches plentifully covered with cheerful paint.

Tired mothers brought their little ones to romp and play on the lawn. A few hammocks and swings were hung and all was placed at the disposal of any who needed them. They proved a great blessing and many availed themselves of the cool shade and the cheerful surroundings. An artesian well was sunk several hundred feet deep, the analysis of the water proving it to contain medicinal qualities, and the place was regarded as a sanitarium for sickly children. A chest filled with med-

icines and bandages was placed near the door and Alice Burr was the medical adviser of the poor. Her busy life afforded her yet a little time for the pursuit of studies in the science of health, and she had gathered quite a little library. The curious could not quite make out what school she belonged to, Allopathic or Homeopathic, she used that which healed, and skipped from one to the other.

They had great faith in her, and this confidence, excited by her sympathy and personal interest, made medicines less necessary, and she believed in the use of few medicines and plenty of sanitation. She emphasized the preventive methods. She preached the gospel of pure soap, and a plenty of water, and had a row of bath tubs for babies in constant use. But the trouble was with clean clothing. In the struggle for bread, the wardrobe was sadly forgotten, and this brought many pitiful facts to her notice. She gave special instruction in sanitation, and personally took a stitch to lead others in the way.

One of the helpful plans was her encouragement to pluck the flowers. Their was no wistful longing look at the bright flowers, that remained ungratified. Yet there was no wanton waste, for the boys and girls understood. There were upon the table on the veranda a number of magnifying glasses and a portfolio of specimens and charts;

and every boy could have a flower if he first looked, examined, analyzed, distinguished, named, and made intelligently his own. Thus during vacation days there was quite a class in botany; this led to intelligent plucking. These little classes spread throughout the neighborhood; the more intelligent became little lecturers. Glasses were given as birthday gifts. At times grand parties were organized, and many children were led away from the narrow streets to the fields and hills. Many supposed they were having a pleasure trip, but they really were studying botany; some thought they were studying botany, but they really were getting health.

Thus this bridal life began in the unselfish seeking of others' happiness, and in it all they found their own.

CHAPTER VII.

A Feast of Reason.

How many a thought is split up, how many a vigorous will is dulled, how many a bold cry is deadened, by a contracted, narrow-minded soul like that.—*Brand*

"I WILL be home as usual for dinner and I may bring a friend along, a friend too of Edison's, quite a scientist;" and the electrician passed

out. The other Burr added that he too might bring a friend. It used to be *treat*. "Well, that will be nice," said Enid, "for Ai is coming to see about something in the plans for the new tenements, and I will ask him to stay; your friends will be glad to meet him." At this Alice grew interested, for her mind was set running on what she should provide; for it had fallen to her lot to be the caterer, through natural fitness and a consummate genius for making dainty little dishes, entirely original, which kept her friends forever asking her for the receipts, they were so delicious. And now she might as well ask the bishop down; it was a little late, but a note would reach him at once, as he would certainly be in at office hours, and he would be sure to come, he always did, no matter how short the notice. Alice's cheeks burned at the thought of the numerous little compliments which the prelate had paid her; and she resolved to do herself justice by again providing something that would surely merit the bishop's approval. The bishop had a weakness for pastry, and if there was anything Alice Burr excelled in, it was her dainty pastry and exquisite desserts. She had something entirely new, and the bishop must be made one of the company. The brothers, who had started for business, had forgotten their bags, and returned. They found it difficult to

leave that happy home, their pretty wives enticing them. One had put on her long white working apron, reaching to her chin, and was standing before a high desk upon which was pinned the half finished plans of the tenements; the other had a like apron, and was getting together the materials for the pastry. It was a scene that explained the reason why the Burr brothers longed to get home, and why they were so anxious to have their friends come with them, and occupy the empty chairs which were always placed at the table.

When the brothers were seen returning, the wives exchanged places, and Alice affected a knowledge of lines and angles while Enid seemed to love pastry making. But their little snare miscarried; the baby was brought in and defeated their plans ingloriously, and the brothers were pushed out upon the veranda and the door bolted after them.

The conversation at the table turned upon social topics.

"We will have taken a great stride in the solution of this matter," said Ai, "when we are wise enough to apply to the slums the same principles and the same common sense that the farmer does in raising his choice fruits or breeding his cattle." At this the bishop looked up but said nothing, he

did not seem to understand, and so directed his attention again to his plate.

"Very true," interjected Mr. Summers, the electrician, and the friend of Edison; "the sooner we apply scientific principles in all these matters, the better. Man is an animal; there are grades of course, but he is an animal, and subject to laws, and we must recognize them."

"I propose to do so," continued Ai, "and will raise my people in the slums on scientific principles, just like a herd of cattle."

At this the bishop looked up again, but it was only momentarily; he said nothing. Then Alice asked sweetly whether they were not a little better than cattle.

"That is just what I think; a great deal better; and therefore we should seek to treat them at least as well as cattle, which is hardly the case at present; I cannot, however, go into that matter now, but only refer you to the interesting fact of Mr. Midas's stable, which he has built with all the modern improvements; and then the other interesting fact, the place which his stable boy sleeps in down in the slums; but I am sure Midas does not know it; even he would alter matters if he did."

"What are some of your scientific principles?" asked the friend of Edison.

"We must lay it down as a hard and fast rule that humanity as we find it in the slums can only be improved on principles of Natural Selection."

"By that, you mean what?"

"That men can be improved only by aiding and cultivating the fittest; the farmer would say, by killing off bad stock, and carefully crossing the best stock, and giving them scientific attention with regard to housing and feeding. The gardener would say, by rooting out and burning up the weeds, and giving plenty of room thereby to the good plants, that need nourishment and careful scientific attention."

The eye of the scientist twinkled. Alice felt bewildered at the bloodshed suggested. Enid thought the plan of proper housing a sound one.

The bishop had ceased listening, in his efforts to do justice to the feast which Alice so carefully had provided.

"First of all, we must kill off the diseased and maimed cattle, and then secondly we must breed carefully the fittest; these are the two lines of action; and it must be done scientifically; we must do just as nature does in everything; the process is a slow one, but sure, and will be interesting to the social philosopher."

Alice again mildly asked whether we had a right to kill men to improve the rest, just like cattle.

"We are doing it," fiercely suggested Impey, who had just then come in, a little late, he said, on account of the cars. "Do we not kill men with the rope, as we would no animal on the face of this beautiful earth."

Ai then explained that the diseased and sickly cattle were killed to avoid propagating their kind, and that was the thing to be aimed at by the social philosopher and society improver; "you must mark your imperfect man and then *cut off his line of descent.*" All raised their eyebrows but one.

Alice had asked the bishop whether he would not have another dish and then insisted, if only to keep her company, and then they became devoted to one another.

Edison's friend remarked that there was enough of this damning children before they were born. Those priests were right in baptizing babies for their good before they were born, as the theologians admit has been done; the principle was a sound one; if it did any good at all, that was the time—before they were born; many were damned as early, and if anything availed that was a fitting time to begin.

Here Impey took another cup of coffee and smiled at the drift the conversation was taking, and suggested they did not need any stimulant

from him to bring them to the truth. Summers said, "Here your statesman and legislator would come to our aid very fittingly if they were social philosophers; but it is sad, very sad. The unfit come under the cognizance of the law in a perfect society, and by a separation from society the line of descent can be cut off. I would have your habitual criminal treated as a diseased person. The stern facts of inheritance must be faced, and means taken to prevent the propagation of the morally diseased. You must look after the diseased moral nature, as you would the yellow fever. Yet how slow the public mind moves in this matter. We officer a boat to quarantine the infected vessel, and then allow to run at large the morally diseased, and permit them to spread their polluted selves over the whole fabric of society. Heroic measures are adopted in case of an epidemic, but we are still blind to the proper expedients to be employed to prevent the spread of the evil traits of the criminal."

"The criminal," added Impey "must become as one dead to the world, killed for practical purposes. The scientific breeding of men and the raising of the standard of manhood is yet in its infancy."

"You are an unmarried man I believe," suggested Burr, to the merriment of the company.

"So you would not *really* kill, as they do the aged and the maimed in some heathen countries," softly asked Alice, "that, it would seem, were not humane."

"No, they must be killed for all practical purposes; human scientific treatment must be applied to criminals; they are diseased. Some are more hopeful cases than others, and can be restored to health."

"I think the indefinite term of imprisonment is the proper thing," added Summers, "you quarantine your ship until the disease has been exterminated, but your judges still sentence to a definite term of days. Think of a doctor setting a time in which to do his work; to cure a stubborn rheumatism, or to get a baby born for instance." "That would be a popular practitioner, if he were always successful," suggested Enid.

The company laughed hilariously, and the bishop woke up confusedly, and wondered at what it might be.

"Your preacher is not so much needed as your doctor," explained Impey, for the bishop's benefit, "and you must have the co-operation of your philosophical legislator so as to be able to coerce the diseased portion of society, bring them under proper restraint, and thus hinder the descent of the incurable, and restore to active usefulness

the hopeful. Less preaching and more scientific treatment."

"Still you will admit the Church to have been a powerful factor in the world," interposed the bishop, nerving himself up to a proper and dignified defence.

"Yes, in the past," replied Impey; "but her influence in the future will depend largely upon her adaptation to the times, and her brightness in keeping abreast with the intelligence and throbbing thought of the age."

"Your salads are delicious," said the bishop, turning to Alice, and then he again dropped out of the general conversation.

"The stolidness of the ecclesiastical mind with regard to the apprehension of scientific facts, is amazing, as for instance in Italy, where the attempt to disinfect the cholera districts resulted in the murder of the officials, and where priestly processions and holy water took the place of quarantine and carbolic acid." This broadside of Impey's was not even heard by the bishop, who was an excellent judge of delicacies, and had now become interested in a little conversation with Alice with regard to a new dish.

"This undoubtedly is the first thing we must make society see," said Ai; "that society grows better or worse according to natural laws, and

that these laws must be recognized; and the first thing to be done is to kill, as the herdsman would say, or weed out, as the farmer would term it, or put under restraint, as the officer of the law would have it; and thus hinder a propagating of diseased cattle, stop the spreading of noxious weeds, and prevent the generating of a rotten society. In short we must suppress the idle, the vicious, and incompetent, and help the industrious and well intentioned."

"To do this," added Enid, "is a herculean task; the matter of suppressing alone meets with many oppositions, even from some who seem to have the welfare of society at heart. There is a friend of mine who cannot resist importuning the magistrate whenever a man who has beaten his wife gets into the House of Correction. She has freed a number, who have gone on beating, and bringing to the birth children meanwhile, who add to the burden of the poor dishearted woman in her efforts to support the family, including the vagabond husband."

"Such sentimental women ought themselves be restrained," remarked Burr, the electrician.

"And the magistrates ought to take the place of the vagabonds," suggested the other Burr.

"Then," continued Enid, "another hindrance to suppression is indiscriminate feeding. We do

not feed our vermin, but we make fat these pests, and allow them to crawl over the face of society, and imagine ourselves philanthropic in so doing. There are still some who give to beggars on the street. A good deal has however been done by our methods of organized charity, and there is a feeling after a more rational method in our relief. It is all yet imperfect, but we are intending good, and we will gradually feel our way to the right and the light, and then even the most sentimental will come and join us in our efforts toward rational relief."

"I have my pockets full of wood-pile tickets," said Impey, "but no one seems to want them. I am accosted by swarthy fellows by the half dozen every day, but I have not gotten rid of a ticket for a long time; mention the Wayfarer's Lodge, and they dodge around the corner in an instant." And then fearing the conversation was taking a too pessimistic tone, Ai remarked: "It is interesting to see how in our efforts to quarantine the evil ones, we find many, even in the heart of the slums themselves, who are only incompetent; they are not vicious, not intemperate, but seem well disposed, and there are some old persons who command our pity and sense of justice. These must be cared for; easy labor must be given them; and there opens here a work and labor of

love which is infinite in its ramification, and is a wide field for those who want some helpful work to do. These incompetent persons can be wisely aided by the personal service of those stronger and more able; and to secure such personal service is the great need of our day."

"Yes," interjected Impey, "give all a free wide field and a fair chance; but if one will not work and will persist in his vagabondage, then he comes under the cognizance of the law, and his liberty must be abridged."

"There are then two things we have found out," mused Ai; "first, quarantine the evil classes; and secondly, plant on good ground the deserving poor." Summers here suggested how sometimes in the heart of the slums there is found a child that seems to be of a superior mould; and thought this weeding out requires great care and intelligent insight, which makes personal service of experts almost a necessity, lest the good sprout be pulled up in the weeding process. There is sometimes in the same family one who seems different from all the rest,—an oak among the weeds,—bright, vigorous, superior. It is interesting, this study of men.

"This," thundered Impey, "opens out an interesting subject awful in its truth, growing out of the low moral standard of society. It is simply

the introduction of new seed and blood; and when many of the so-called upper classes will think a moment, they will see that in working for the good of the children of the slums, they are at random only caring for their own flesh and blood. The thought is a terrible one I know, but the facts must be faced. To me, the duty ringing in our ears is not to trace in ingenious and finely spun theological phrases, the pedigree of the Son of God, but to inquire concerning this son of man. Whose son is he, this child in your mission school; whose son is he, this waif on the street; whose son is he, this child in the asylum; whose son is he, this child advertised for adoption; whose son is he, this child receiving a man's caresses and a mother's smiles? These are questions terrible to enter upon, but this social regeneration demands that they be faced; and we cannot evade them."

The bishop did not even hear this, being absorbed in his second dish of dessert. When he had finished, one of the brothers suggested that they look at the efforts of the little architect in solving this question of planting the deserving poor on good ground, and giving humanity a chance to grow. The plans of the tenements were under way, and Enid spread them out on the high desk

for the criticism and suggestions of the company.

"I hear," said Enid, after having given little explanations of the details, "that Esther Airy is to take 422 S. Front Street. She has been engaged for only a short time, but will be married soon, and she insists that it must be in the old homestead where she proposes to live. It created a little storm in the family; her mother especially was mortified at this freak, as she termed it; but little Esther was firm, and has outweathered the storm. It is a fine old place, built in 1798, with all the old time spacious arrangements of halls and rooms, and solid mahogany doors. And *such* carved work! It puts your weak imitations of the antique far into the shade. Esther will be quite an acquisition to our neighborhood, she is a wide-awake, noble-spirited girl, and takes a great interest in seamen, and has collected quite a little library on subjects relating to the sea and navigation. This house they say has for a long time been a stopping place for sailors, and she proposes building a special hotel for them, and so she will really not be crowding out anybody."

CHAPTER VIII.

Earth to Earth.

How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?
Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year."

—*Shakespeare.*

A procession stately and decorous; ceremonies proper and imposing; words, words, words; an absence of the sorrowing poor; a grave not wide, not deep—the burial of a bishop.

CHAPTER IX.

An Election that Was Also a Choice.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve.

—*Shakespeare.*

There was no immediate shock, but the shock came a few days afterwards when the question was passed, "Whom shall we have now; who shall be our bishop?"

Presentiments of a social revolution were in the

air, and as the question of leadership was passed along, the excitement grew in intensity. Before the clergy met for the usual action in a regular way, there had been the spontaneous throbbing of the heart of the people. It was an informal meeting.

The scene was one long to be remembered. Wealth, culture, refinement were evidenced all around, but here and there was also an isolated ignorant negro, a lone Chinaman, a laborer with horny hands, attesting to the coming dawn of a real catholicity and brotherhood. The voice of the people was heard.

First, the mistakes to be avoided, the man *not* to be chosen.

One man arose and said, "I know a prelate who is a timeserver."

"Let us profit by the shameful spectacle," interjected some one.

Another added, "Yes, and is ostentatious."

Then followed in rapid succession the free speech of the assembly.

"I know one who is cruel."

"I know one who is mercenary."

"I know one who is lazy."

"And I one who is not well read."

"I know one who slandered his clergy officially."

"I know one who worshipped policy as a god."

"I know one who never laughed."

"I one who affected wisdom in his pose."

"I know one who loves money."

"I know one who despised the poor."

"And I one who loved the rich."

"I know one who always went with the majority."

"I know one who robbed, *legally*."

"I know one who tried to coerce thinkers."

"Stop, kind friends," interposed a venerable man with bushy eyebrows and flowing beard; "let this not go further; let us seek after the things which make for peace."

"No! no! let us have free speech; let in the air, and if necessary, the storm. Ventilation! Ventilation!"

"Let us proceed to the election."

"If these things can truthfully be said, were it not better to go without a bishop at all," suggested some one.

"That were heresy," interposed the venerable man.

Then the voices continued.

"We want a manly man."

"None for political purposes."

"The days of factions are gone by."

"The new age demands a Nazarene."

"A Nazarene must not belie his calling."

"The Nazarene did not live in a palace."

"He had an ideal beyond the comprehension of the majority."

"We want the greatest of the great."

"Then look for one who can lace shoes."

"But in doing so he must not crawl."

"He must keep abreast with the age."

"Then he must be young."

"He must encourage activity."

"Then his mind must be broad."

"He must not follow, but lead."

"He must hate shams."

"He must love little children."

"If he worships God, he must also serve man."

"He must appreciate the greatness of failure."

"One who can refuse dinners."

"He must be a friend of sinners."

"His brightness ought not be considered a disqualification."

And so speech ran long and freely. The voice of the people was heard. The election took place, and it was withal the people's choice. The lot fell upon Ai.

CHAPTER X.

The Modern Crown of Thorns.

No falser idol man has bowed before,
In Indian groves or islands of the sea,
Than that which through the quaint carved Gothic door
Looks forth,—a Church *without humanity*!
Patron of pride, and prejudice, and wrong,—
The rich man's charm and fetish of the strong.

Whittier.

The committee who waited upon Ai to inform him of his election, found him on a rug before an open fire, reading to a group of boys, one of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen. He bade them be seated, but continued, and the committee became quite interested themselves; and after he had finished the story, he began another. At this juncture the committee became a little nervous and the chairman broached the object of the visit. Ai had not heard of an election; had not even known that the bishop had died. There were the usual congratulations; but Ai was lost in thought and could not be aroused to any degree of enthusiasm. He stared into the fire for a long time, and then dismissed his boys, and returned to the committee. And the arrangements

for the consecration must be made at once. They had resolved to make it an imposing spectacle, something that would impress the world with the dignity and grandeur of the Church. It should take place at St. Mark's and no expense should be spared; the Church was making inroads into the hearts of the whole people, and there was coming in the near future, the day when she should include all sorts and conditions of men. A very wealthy gentleman of the committee insisted that no expense should be spared, even if he himself must bear the bulk of it. The ceremony must impress the world by its magnificence; there must be nothing mean about it. There never had been such unanimity in a choice; never such enthusiasm. Ai had long lived in the hearts of the people, and now something must be done to befit the event.

Ai listened to it all in absolute silence. He stirred the embers of the fire and put on more wood, and then asked when it was to be. As soon as the jewels could be ordered. Two men had resolved to bear all that part of the expense. Of course Ai would have his Shepherd's crook as befits the shepherd. It would be jeweled.

"Make them diamonds," added Ai.

This rather surprised the committee, who expected difficulties in the way; but this was an

encouraging sign. They had expected from this plain man opposition on the score of ceremony; but now he was actually insisting upon diamonds. "And you will have your mitre; we will have one specially made after a pattern of one of the old Coptic bishops."

"Diamonds there would add to its beauty," Ai added again. The rich committeeman rubbed his hands with delight; there would be no foolish affectations of plainness, no meanness and unworthy parsimony.

"You will also have your pectoral cross." "Make it large, and let that also be set with diamonds," added Ai.

This was becoming exceedingly interesting to the committee.

"And let the diamonds be many and small," he suggested.

"And the ring will be a special gift from a recent convert to the faith."

"See that it is set with diamonds also; small and numerous would suit me best."

The committee were progressing satisfactorily and had achieved their ends. Here was a man who rose to the dignity of the occasion. Ai lighted a taper which stood in a tall brass candlestick, and the glow lighted up the further end of the room. It was poorly furnished with the

cheapest of wooden chairs, and an unpainted pine table; this with the rugs, of which there was a marked profusion, constituted about all of the furniture, except an abundance of books.

Here was the people's choice, living in almost abject poverty, giving orders for diamonds and costly pageantry, on his call to officially represent the Nazarene.

"But you have forgotten," said Ai, as the committee were taking their departure, "that I am a layman; I have never assumed the priestly office, have not even been recognized as a deacon or one occupying the lowest place." This was rather a surprise to all, and they went back again.

"But have you not been recognized by the people as their priest? Have you not passed for such?"

"There has been established between us a close bond of love, but it has been one only of brotherhood. What the poor people have thought I know not; but I have never sought to appear anything else than their friend and leader.

Here a thoughtful man among the number said quietly, almost in a whisper, "Then you have been a leader indeed, for you were to them as a priest."

"That is the only priesthood, which has its

basis in brotherhood," added another. To this one of the number was about to reply, but he hesitated as if he did not quite understand the drift of it, and so the matter was dropped.

A few days afterwards Ai was ordained deacon. This man who had served his fellows, and the poor especially, for years, was now a deacon. Next day he was made a priest. This man who had for years lived in the hearts of the poor, and been to them as a priest, was now a priest. He went through it all in almost absolute silence, and seemed to be dazed. The day following had been appointed for his consecration to the bishopric. He had left to others every detail of arrangement. He told them he would not be there until the latest moment, but would not keep them waiting; they should not keep him waiting when he got there. When he arrived, the Church was crowded with a mixed congregation; he had given away all his tickets to the poor of his neighborhood. This indicated volumes to the dainty women who found their nurses and servants in their pews; they sniffed something in the air. A new order of things was about to begin. The choir had been greatly augmented, and was standing ready for the processional hymn. There were twelve or thirteen bishops and a score of clergymen in line, and a goodly number of the clergy were distributed

through the congregation. The processional cross was in place; the shepherd's crook studded with brilliant diamonds was carried by a boy. Ai was vested by a committee, to whom he mechanically submitted without saying a word. A purple cassock was given him, which he put on. Some one then girded him with a silver cord, the ends of which were studded with diamonds. A boy carried his mitre, also studded with diamonds. A pectoral cross was suspended from his neck; this too, was covered with diamonds. The tones of the organ never sounded more mellow and the music of the choir never was richer. The procession made the circuit of the Church several times and then marched slowly up the nave to the chancel. The service was stately, and protracted with anthems and rich music. The sermon was the one usual to such occasions.

Ai listened and sat through it all thinking of *these present times;* and looking along the line *forward* into the long dim future; he wondered whether apostles would be raised up to deal with these tremendous issues lying around us, here, now, and to come. The church seemed close and the place seemed to stifle him. Never was there such a crowd, never such eager faces as they leaned forward to catch a glimpse of the little bishop now vested in all his robes and apostolic belongings.

Ai went through it all without betraying any sign of interest. He seemed as if sitting alone with his thoughts. What meant all this pageantry; was it indeed the escort furnished to the apostle pressing forward in duty's path, even if it led to bonds or to the cross itself? And how many would keep him company on the way, when persecution and evil days appeared? How many would be willing to go on to victory, and willing also to press forward in the face of defeat? What meant these jewels to one who was to serve in the place of the pauper Nazarene, who went about from place to place seeking for a pillow, not as rich as the birds that had gone to sleep in their own little nests? What meant this sign of the cross on the breast of one, who if he trod convention's path, where he was surely expected to walk, would know only the rich man's feast, the lap of luxury, and all the delights and comfortable things in life? What meant all these gorgeous robes and the many changes, to him who joined arm in arm the poor reformer, and practiced with him sweet charity in giving away the cloak and would not withhold the coat either? What meant all this applause to one who had joined hands as with a brother, one who was meek and lowly in heart? And what these congratulations to him

who was to follow on in troublous paths and shameful betrayals?

These thoughts made him listless and absent-minded, and he had to be reminded of the next part in the ceremony.

The church seemed to grow closer and the atmosphere more stifling. There was only one thing that Ai had requested; that the choir should escort him to the little cathedral on Minster Street.

When all the rites had been performed, all the ceremonies had been gone through, when the hymns had died out, and prayers had ceased, the little bishop mounted the steps of the high altar and gave notice of the procession to the cathedral. "This ends the *ceremony*," said he, "and now will begin the *service*. *The consecration must go on until evening, and to-morrow, and through the year, and the life of years.*"

As the choir proceeded out of the church the congregation flowed into the street; and many followed the procession toward the cathedral. Pious women, faithful in attendance upon ordinances, searched in books, to see where this service could be read; that was to go on until evening and to-morrow and a year and a life of years. Onward the choir led the way through many narrow streets of the poor, and dainty feet grew tired and turned

back. But onward the processional cross continued to move through the lanes, still narrower and more unsightly, and there turned back a number more. And still the escort led the bishop on through ways and by-ways of evil report, which still more depleted the ranks as they moved on. As they turned into the little street of the cathedral there were but a few besides the faithful choir. Among the followers Ai noticed a solitary priest, young and strong in frame but with lines across his fine forehead; his eye was sad and his abundant hair already mixed with gray. As they passed up the street the magdalens of the neighborhood came out in numbers, and one said, "I know one good man."

In the cathedral were gathered the poor people, mostly children, whom Ai had known for years; and now he preached to them a sermon, the first sermon he ever preached. The sermon was not long and the bishop pronounced a formal blessing. The bishop's first blessing was upon the poor, and they were mostly little children.

CHAPTER XI.

The Real Consecration.

I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed by the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?—*Shakespeare.*

As Ai withdrew from the church and was about to close the door behind him, he felt a gentle push, and a man with fine Jewish features bowed and entered.

"O, Mr. Shoenstein, I believe: come in, I have been expecting you; and if you will excuse me until I disrobe, I will be glad to see you."

The man adjusted his glasses, and reaching up to Ai's mitre, took hold of it with his two hands; and looking carefully over its decorations, excitedly inquired, "Ish dot a real diamond?" and then looked a little closer. Ai adjusted the heavy headgear, which was awry, and as he raised his hand, Shoenstein caught it, and turning it so as to get a better look at the ring, exclaimed, "Dot ish a real one, and a real beauty too. And let me see dot,"—relieving him of his pastoral staff.

The gems of the crook were carefully looked

over, and every diamond critically valued and measured, as he turned the ornament over and over again. During this examination, Ai had disrobed and returned to his visitor in a new purple cassock with silver cord, the ends being ornamented with pomegranates studded with diamonds. These did not escape the eyes of the jeweller, and he had their value estimated in an instant.

"You will excuse me for keeping you waiting, but I sent for you, Mr. Shoenstein, to have your opinion and services with regard to these very diamonds."

"Yes, dot ish right," interjected the interested man.

"I would like," continued Ai, "to have some responsible person take out these stones from their settings; and as they require careful handling, I would like your firm to do the work. I need money and may want to realize upon them, and I would like to entrust their sale to yourself."

"Yes, dot ish right."

"I saw you in the church, Mr. Shoenstein. I did not mean to do violence to any religious preferences which men may have; what I meant was that you might meet me here in the house immediately after the ceremony, without going into the church itself."

"O, dot ish all right, Mr. Ai, or Bishops, as dey

now calls you; we must do much tings in business, and I am liberals, too."

"Where do you attend synagogue? For I suppose you go."

"O yes, we haf a fine new synagogue; I goes to Keneseth Israel."

"Ah, to Keneseth Israel! You have a very able rabbi there; I met him one day."

"Very, very; he is very liberals, and he lofs humanity."

"Yes, I understand he is very progressive."

"He ish a fine gentlemans, and we raised his salary."

"But, Mr. Shoenstein, you see the diamonds, and you know their value; now do you suppose I can realize five hundred dollars upon this one?"

"Yes, more dan dot. I can turn over to you fife hundred dollars and keep my ten per cent."

"And this, what value do you place upon this? It seems to be a fine one."

"Dot ish a genuine Sout Africaner; it ish small, but it ish also wort fife hundred dollars, if a cent."

"Well, that pleases me, Mr. Shoenstein."

"Dey are all goot; some better dan some, but all goot; you haf a regular gold mine, or a diamond mine, I should say."

"You see, Mr. Shoenstein, there are many poor

people around here, and I need a few schools and a Kindergarten; also a hospital for children, and a great many other things that will cost money. I now propose to sell these diamonds, and build."

The jeweller looked at the bishop and rubbed his hands excitedly.

"You sell your clothes and build for de children, did you say?"

"No, not my clothes, but these things that are not clothes—the diamonds."

"And you gifs dese to de poor; you takes dese stones from your fingers and gifs to de poor? Dot ish just what our rabbi says; and now I meets a man, a real man, who does it. Dot ish right. Dey says de little childrens suffers very much in de hot wetter."

"Yes, I propose to have you sell that stone, and it will keep a little boat running a whole week on the river; and just think how many little ones will breathe the fresh air, which perhaps will save their lives. You know the physicians always recommend a change of air rather than medicine."

"I lost a little boy once; and dey suffers so much, de childrens." During a long pause both were silent. The Jew then resumed: "And you will send de childrens on de river. I will

help you; I will sell de diamonds and will not charge de ten per cent."

"That will be a real practical service, which will pay for a whole boat-load down the river; and I hope, Mr. Shoenstein, that you yourself may be with us that day; take a vacation and come."

"I will, so help me—dot is, if I can get off from business."

"Dey told me, (you will excuse me, Bishops), dey told me dot you sold your shirt to gif away to de poor; and I went to de meeting to see wetter dey would make such a man a bishops. De times want leaders who will practice kindness and justice to all."

"I am afraid your informer was too enthusiastic an admirer. It is not necessary, Mr. Shoenstein, to sell one's shirt. There may be extreme cases, but only because some one is not willing to sell his diamonds. I believe in a shirt and undershirt and plenty of changes. I believe in good warm clothing in winter, and good, cool, seasonable clothing in summer; but if all are to have them, there may be times when one must part with his extra shirt, but only, as I said, because some one else is not willing to part with his diamonds."

"I see," interjected Shoenstein, "dot luxuries

makes de inequalities in de worlt; you mean dot."

"That is about it. And besides, a man like myself must be consistent. You would laugh at a follower of the Nazarene parading in diamonds."

"De Nazarene himself, dey tells, did not do so; but you know I do not agree mit you as to de character of de Christ."

"Well, no matter; assuming he was a man, history tells us he was not ostentatious and endowed with luxuries."

"Yes, he was a frient of de poor; and so far I respect de man, if he did lif."

"And now, to really follow him, we must have the same spirit; but I do not see how diamonds on the shepherd's crook are going to help the starving flock, or how a jewelled finger is going to give fresh air and clean clothes to unfortunate children."

"Dot ish right, very right."

"These stones were given to me by earnest men and women as offerings to God. I now make them such. I am their servant, and do what these people really intended to do, but which they perhaps indifferently comprehended. It is a poor conception of God, to have Him pleased with sparkle and glitter, to have him pacified and brought around by a gift that shines, as if he were

a wilful child. God has too many flowers blushing unseen, too many twinkling stars still undiscovered, to desire a few shining diamonds for his pleasure and delight. No, when God sees us willing to do His will, then is he well pleased, and when in the doing of that will, it requires these diamonds, and we are ready to give them, then only are they pleasing. But if they should halt half way and not become effective in good works, they would little serve as a true offering. They have come half way. I recognize the spirit in which they were given. I believe the vision of the donors a little beclouded, but that is all the greater reason why I should be eyes to these good people, and see for them the path. They will now bring health to the cheeks of little children; food, clothing, and intellectual vision; and in such acts will the will of God be done; and that will be the sacrifice that will please."

"And you gif away all de diamonds on de ring, on de mitre and on de staff?"

"Yes, and these too," pointing to the pomegranates; "besides, these in the cross; and I want you to affix a pedestal to this cross, so that I can fit it to a base of wood. It may serve as a daily reminder of what one must expect and come to in this our service; for the cross will come sooner or later, the world's ingratitude will most

surely come to him who seeks its betterment. The world is putting upon the cross its saviours every day."

"So you tink dot one saviour upon a cross was not sufficient; but dot many more haf been put on, and many more will be sacrificed before de worlt will be safed?"

"It does seem so in looking around us; the facts seem to point that way; but, Mr. Shoenstein, we will not enter upon any theological discussion, though the hard facts of life and history are well worth our consideration."

The Jew smiled. His private opinion was that these followers of Jesus caricatured the man in their daily practice; and he enjoyed an inward satisfaction when he heard this bishop openly saying the very things which he had often thought; and there was a feeling of close fellowship growing between these two men.

"These, you see, are all small. I had them ordered small and more of them, as I thought they could be disposed of more readily than a larger stone. You will know their value and make the best possible sale when I bring them to you. I want you to take this one with you; I need money at once for a kindergarten; and the others I will put into a deposit vault until they are wanted."

"I guarantee it will sell for fife hundred dollars, if a cent; it is a beauty. I will charge you nottings and will manage to go mit de sick childrens."

"I hope, Mr. Shoenstein, you may often come and see the schools. You see we hope to have a number of institutions—day nurseries and kindergartens, as soon as the stone is sold."

Then recollecting himself, Shoenstein took out his purse.

"You spoke of de poor; dey are sick all de year, not only next summer; here is a little which you can use for any sick little one. My poor little boy died in de winter, and all winter dare is suffering as well as in de summer; he was a fine boy too—my little Jacob. I will go mit de childrens myself next summer; I will leaf business and go myself."

As the jeweller passed out, a few boys looked in and asked whether they could not do something, carry wood or something. Ai asked them in, and said he had all he wanted; so the boys did not go in.

Thus, after the ceremony in the large and beautiful Church, was here commenced, in that secluded room in the miserable street, a service of consecration; and there was assisting in this service a Jew, with his goodwill and means, and better than that—his personal service. The little

gamins from the street also made their contribution of good will. Thus virtue was becoming contagious. This man was fast becoming the bishop of the whole people.

CHAPTER XII.

Was It All a Dream.

The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.—Jesus.

The formal calls upon the new bishop began. The first ring of the bell was not answered; Ai slept little after the fatigue of the day, and when he did fall into a doze toward morning, his sleep was fitful and disturbed. It was midday before he arose. As he was still taking his bath, the bell rang, and a gentleman was let in by an arrangement connected with Ai's sleeping room, which was operated by an electric device of Burr's.

He found this convenient on cold days, both for himself and his visitor. The device, however, was afterward altered, and everyone was expected to walk in without ringing; a little bell announced the visitor, as at the corner grocery. "They come here for bread, too; and a bishop ought to see them as gladly," he used to say.

His caller, a Mr. Richmond, was a wealthy gentleman and a vestryman of one of the churches. He cordially extended both his hands as Al entered the room, robed in his superb purple cassock, which was a trifle too long. "A bishop ought not drag his purple in the dust," he said to his visitor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"You look tired; you must have your breakfast at once. Shall I not send out and have something brought in? You are ill."

"I have had a bad night; only caught a little sleep toward morning: had bad dreams,—horrible dreams,—horrible."

"Surely your conscience is a good one," pleasantly interposed the vestryman.

"No, that is just it; I try not to have an easy conscience, and it troubles me occasionally; and such a night as I had. My duties began after the ceremony, and have been going on ever since. I was at it all night. Duty goes on forever, the consecration is the work of a lifetime." He then arranged the wood and lighted the fire and then sat down to talk. "I had a singular dream," he said, "and it has taken the life out of me; I feel as if I had been tramping all night; I am tired."

"You look it."

"I dreamed that the old colonial church—

Christ Church—was being taken down piecemeal and carried off. They had arranged to take it down, brick by brick, numbering every piece carefully, and then proposed erecting it somewhere west, where they said the congregation had gone.

"Experts had been engaged to preserve carefully every part of the fabric, and to replace the building in exactly the same condition as before; and the demolishing of the wall surrounding the church had already commenced when I found out their plans. I thought they were piling a load of bricks on my chest, and then they covered me entirely, and were stifling me. The thought was a horrible one, but I finally awoke. I soon fell asleep again; and then found myself rushing along the streets, looking for the vestry. I went to several houses on Walnut Street, and asked them to meet me; several lived in West Philadelphia, and I saw them; one lived at Chestnut Hill, and I walked out there, as there was no railroad that I knew of; another lived at Germantown, and I ran to his house; one had gone to Europe, him I did not see; another was in the country, and was hunted up. I found them all but one. I was so exhausted after my tramp that I got on board a canal boat on my way home. This was slow progress, and caused me great uneasiness, but we finally got together just as it was getting dark. The vestry maintained

that it was purely a matter of business; the congregation had moved west and become scattered, and pew-rents were falling off. They said churches must be conducted on business principles: and it was their duty to keep up the pew-rents to a proper monetary standard. It was purely a matter of business. I then took the vestry out for a walk. We started up Second Street, and passed forty-seven boys and twenty-three girls, sitting in dark doorways. Turning down Vine Street, we saw groups of men and women lounging around, wanting something to interest their miserable selves. We entered a little court off Race Street, and saw a fight between a drunken husband and his little clean wife, whom he cowed into the most abject servility. In a court without name, but called Bull's Run, on account of the filth and running sewerage on the pavement, we saw two fights. As we passed through Front Street, there was a poor woman crouching into a corner with a baby under her shawl, preparing to go to sleep. Farther on we saw a group of young girls dancing under an awning to the music of an accordeon, the little Italian musician sitting on a bale of merchandise.

"The odors from the business houses were horrible. Hams, hides, ropes, paint, wool, rags, oils, cabbage, potatoes, fruits, and green groceries in every stage of decay,—food, food everywhere,

but the pinched children did not seem to have much of it. From its odors, however, they could not escape. Hundreds of houses packed with tenants; little streets, back of the business houses where fortunes are made, were lined with houses in every condition of disrepair. There were courts within courts, all overrun with human beings.

"Then we went through a number of other streets, west of Second street, with the same result, finding court within court, all packed with human beings, drinking and making merry, drowning their sorrows in such excitements as their narrow visions could command.

"We then returned and knelt down in the dark silent Church, lighted only by the street lamp shining through the large stained chancel window. Here was the fold, but where were the sheep? There was no question about the devouring wolves. They were abroad in all their rapacious fierceness. They were gnawing down to the bone—men, women, and children falling as prey. And then as we prayed for light to meet the duties of the times, I thought we all swooned and lay scattered around the altar steps—how long, I know not. When I recovered, I found myself standing in the pulpit, and there was a sound as of great and deep waters; these were rushing through the Church;

and in the waves the heads of the vestrymen appeared, but soon all were lost in a great sea of heads which surged, but when they became quiet, I noticed they were people who had filled the Church. They filled every pew, they filled the galleries, they stood in the aisles, they sat on the altar steps, they crowded around the pulpit and sat on the pulpit stairs, they crowded into the pulpit itself, and stood outside the Church, crowded the windows and doors; so the windows were opened that they might hear. I then began to preach, but they stopped me and said they had heard that before. They knew their duty but they lacked resolution to follow the dictates of conscience. They had the knowledge, but they lacked the will. They were hopeful, some said, since now they had found leadership in their efforts to will the right. They had not only direction, but they had company. They had not only instruction, but they had sympathy.

"'You came to my home,' one said; another said, 'You looked upon my little one.' And then other voices were heard to say, 'You saw my sick husband;' 'You know now how rum robs us;' 'You saw the temptations of my girls;' 'You saw how widows struggle for bread;' 'You saw how we must sleep.' And so the voices ran.

I was dumb, standing in the high pulpit, while the congregation was preaching to *me*.

"Then the heads of the vestrymen rose above the heads of the others, and the congregation shouted: 'These are your helpers'—'They will hold up your hands in your endeavors'—'They will help us to will and to do'—'They have joined hands with you and with us, and we be brethren.' Then the church enlarged, the walls spreading so that those outside were included; but more were coming and still the church enlarged. Then there was a flash of light; and the whole was illuminated with numberless tapers in the hands of the congregation. 'We want light, more light,' they said—'Each can bring his little light'—'Every light will be missed'—'He who will not bring his light will come and go in darkness.' And then the organ began to play, and the trumpet pipes were heard, and the chimes in the steeple rang out merrily. Then as mysteriously as they came, the congregation melted out of sight again; each carrying a taper, they slowly went away into the street and courts around.

"The vestrymen alone remained. 'Where is our congregation?' one asked. Someone replied, 'In the streets; in the narrow lanes; in the courts; in the close rooms; in the damp cellars; in the stifling atmosphere.' 'Yes, there,' said

another. 'I saw where they lived,' said a third. 'They are within a stone's throw,' added a fourth 'They can easily be reached,' said a fifth. 'They are quite near,' broke forth a sixth. 'But they must be sympathized with,' interjected a seventh. 'And we must do the sympathizing,' added the eighth. 'I personally must do this sympathizing,' continued a ninth. 'We must not look for monetary results,' exclaimed the tenth. '*This church shall remain*,' thundered the eleventh. This made light my heart and I awoke."

As the bishop related his dream, Mr. Richmond stared vacantly into the fire; he then grasped the bishop's hand and pressed it warmly without saying a word.

"I am completely used up; that walk to West Philadelphia and to Chestnut Hill has taken the strength out of me."

Mr. Richmond again suggested sending for his breakfast, but the bishop declined. "But strange to say," continued Ai, "I fell asleep and dreamed again. I saw the church moving west and halting between the Church of the Mediator, and Christ Church Chapel. These churches flanked the great building, touching the corners, and they made an imposing group. So close were they, that it seemed like war between them when the choir-masters did their full duty. I thought I fol-

lowed the church as it floated steadily westward. I was curious to know why one little spot should receive this remarkable attention; why one little corner in the vineyard should receive such zealous cultivation. What was all this shepherding for, —to feed the flock or to shear the wool?"

Mr. Richmond suggested that they walk out and have something to eat. "I really feel, Mr. Richmond, like walking up that way to assure myself that the plumbers are not even now melting off the roof."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Leaven at Work.

Bear ye one another's burdens.—*St. Paul.*

The Burrs had finished their quiet cup of tea without company, which was an unusual thing, and the gentlemen had settled for a smoke and the magazines.

There was quite a refreshing breeze through the arches of the veranda, which set the entangled vines, now blooming with flowers, waving to and fro. They had arranged the Chinese lanterns ready for lighting, and the whole was converted into a

fairy bower, making the scene from the street a pretty one.

Enid was opening her letters. She gathered from one of them that this matter of personal service was taking root, for there was quite a circle of girls who were to be married soon, and two thirds were going to take the houses in which their grandmothers had danced. Sue Horton, who was engaged last summer to that manly, handsome Purelonder, had arranged for the South-west Corner of Front and Lombard, a fine old place, built of genuine colonial bricks. "She is a great friend of Esther Airy's, and they will be quite near neighbors. I think," said Enid, "that sermon of Ai's did it, as I see evidences of it all around. Sue says it was a bold arraignment of the half-hearted; and while it gave offense to a few, yet the young people were affected by it and were set thinking."

Ai had been asking for money for the fresh air fund, and incidental to the sermon, pictured, in his usual graphic way, the plates being handed up, piled with rich offerings, and running over. After this flattering picture, he raised his hand and held it for a long time; the suspense was painful, as he opened and closed it convulsively. He then lowered it and held fast to the sides of the pulpit and said calmly, in a low, soft voice, "Yes, you have

given largely, but you have given only half; I now want yourselves, your personal service; when accompanied by your service and labors of love, then only will your gifts become a true offering." They found stains of blood where he had clasped the pulpit, the clenching of his hand had pressed the nails deep into the flesh. He then went on and told them of the many ways in which this personal service could be rendered, and of the great need of heart and sympathy in the world. There never was such a collection in St. Mark's. The school girls went down deep into their purses and drained them of the last cent of pin-money.

But the real fruit appeared afterward. A few girls who were home on a vacation organized and laid some plans by which to create a sentiment in favor of personal service. They separated and went to their respective schools, some to Wellesley, some to Swarthmore, others to Vassar. At school they gathered a few of a like mind, and organized for personal service. These efforts soon began bearing fruit. Out of a bevy of eight girls, seven were married, and six of them took houses in quarters tenanted by the poor. Enid ran over in her mind the facts, and said, "One is going into 514 Penn Street; another into 402 South Front Street; still another is going into 336 Spruce Street; and two sisters will take 46 and 48 Almond

Street, below Front, where they will have a river view. Our friend Dorothy will move into 820 Swanson, a fine quaint old place; and her cousin has already renovated 520 South Front. Cecilia Horton has asked me to look at and draw plans to have 34 Catharine Street restored, just as it was when her great grandfather lived there. She is engaged to a noble fellow who has nursed a sick friend man, one of Ai's poor. They say he is one of the genuine Knickerbocker stock, and would not go home during the University vacation, but asked Ai for work, and was directed to the garret of the old man. He watched at night at the bedside, to the great relief of the worn-out family, and slept on Ai's rugs during the day-time.

"He is a large, manly-looking fellow, takes the lead in rowing and never misses a ball when at the bat; but mention suffering to him, point out injustice, give him a scent of meanness, and he becomes as ferocious as a lion, and as tender as a girl. Cecilia has made a good choice, and she is worthy of the man, one of the truest girls I ever met."

"I hear that the new bishop is gathering around him a strong force of workers," said the merchant Barr, laying down his paper; "not only in the work of the little Minster, but he seems to be infecting the churches with his enthusiasm for humanity. The whole vestry of the Nazarene is

composed now of young men. They are mostly University boys who were attracted by Ai, and think of looking into the matter of the other half. They naturally talked of the matter at home, and to the surprise of everybody, after the last Easter Election, the council found itself with an entirely new board, all but one old man whom they re-elected, except to be reminded, for ballast."

"Ballast, indeed! A good boat when the ship becomes lopsided with [illegible] it is not going to carry bread," [illegible] the other Bore.

"So the good old men reasoned, and elected their hopeful sons as their successors, gracefully admitting that a little fresh, new blood was a good thing. They however did not lose their heads, and so retained on the vestry a good load of ballast to keep the enthusiasm of youth from turning the neighborhood topsy turvy,—a courtly old man, a gentleman of the old school. The whole matter was characterized by the most perfect good humor and politeness and fearlessness. Such men one does not like to see go,—men who are so free to admit the signs of the times."

End suggested that these sons no doubt had inherited the wisdom of their sires, and this wisdom *plus the enthusiasm of youth* would make the old church a power again.

In the afternoon of the same day, a little com-

pany had gathered at number 3 Chancery Lane by accident. It always appeared an accident until it happened so often and so regularly on about the same day of the month, that some truth was set thinking, and a law was discovered governing the matter.

It is already known that Impey was an inveterate reader, and kept himself well abreast of the startling thought of his times. He read what was best in books, and devoured all that was printed in the Magazines and Reviews. This fact Mrs. Airy had carefully noted, and the fact of Impey's communicativeness made their acquaintance a very fortunate one for her. That bright woman always needed an invisible patch on her boot about the tenth day of the month. This of course her husband never found out of his own accord, but her lady acquaintances somehow discovered it. If on the ninth day the little foot was whole and sound, that little foot was [illegible] between the pleasures of a lodge trial by [illegible] ingenuity, or some [illegible] would [illegible] to [illegible] maker a necessity. Once when a good cobbler gave her her bill, she protested to keep a long walk and so went down to Impey. About the tenth day of the month Impey had become pretty well advanced with the contents of the Magazines, and the two things seemed to form a

most fortunate conjuncture. Mrs. Airy promptly appeared on the tenth, and Impey, glad to talk when he had an attentive listener, was always pleased to see her. He had assimilated the freshest thoughts of the day and now was happy to

tellectual laziness, and this left her often stranded when called upon to grapple with facts. She could talk brilliantly enough, too, at times, but it was all within a tiny narrow circle. She lacked wits. Her quickness and natural intelligence forged her out a great deal, but there were times when she could not make it do. Let us hope, and so was a shiftless person. Mrs. Airy was frail, and knew it, so she saw her opportunity in legacy. So she stopped a hole regularly on the matinée at the moment and had it promptly mended on the tenth, while she waited. She always was pleased when several were ahead and the wait was a long one. Impey noticed she always wore an old pair, and wondered what become of the numerous new pairs she was constantly ordering. She said she had given them away, and found the old ones more comfortable. She did not mind patched ones, if not too patchy. This unselfishness touched Impey, and he thought her a good hearted philanthropist.

While Mrs. Airy was taking off her shoes on this particular day, the door opened, and Mrs. Ames came in.

"O Mrs. Airy, I am glad to see you—Mr. Impey, you are hard at work as usual—always busy—I too am going to trouble you with a little break—my toe is coming out."

As she was explaining how it occurred, the door opened and Mrs. Amos's daughter came in. This rather surprised the mother, but the daughter was not one to be talked to under the circumstances. As they were moving their chairs, the door opened to admit Miss Ostander, a tall, [illegible] woman, [illegible] and dressed [illegible]. She seemed very [illegible] by Inspector [illegible] and was [illegible]. She took a chair on the opposite side of the window, and soon was lost in the Reviews.

"I suppose you all went away [illegible] at once, while you were," Inspector suggested. "I will do my best, but I never work after four o'clock, that is apart of my creed." Mrs. Avy said she was not in a hurry and would not mind letting anyone else take her turn first. Miss Ostander did not seem to care about any sending, being absorbed in the Popular Science Monthly. Soon the door opened again, and a fussy little lady appeared, all a flow, her cheeks bright as a peach. "O, you here, Mrs. Avy? and you, Mrs. Amos? and dear Miss Amos, how delighted I am to see you. It seems we are all here. Indeed I had to have my shoes attended to, I am walking on my tippets. O, I did not see you, Miss Ostander, you kept so quiet. Well this is a meeting. Mr. Inspey, you must be very busy; you

must have a good deal of patience. Do you know, we think of asking you to deliver a lecture before the New Century? It is all a secret yet. You must be very patient with us women, our husbands, and [illegible]. And

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

said Mrs. Airy, "have you heard of Judge Rue's resignation? The unjust laws which he was bound to enforce proved too much for his nerves, he says, and he is going to the legislature as missionary."

"By the way, Mrs. Airy, have you read the essay on the cruelties of sport?" She had not, but she had ordered all the monthlies, and the bundle had come, and would be opened in a day or two; she had been very busy and she supposed there was a good deal that was interesting.

She then adroitly drew Impey into the vortex, and in an hour she had all the titles of the articles that were really worth reading, carefully laid away in her excellent memory, and so felt happy.

Her shoe was finished, but she did not leave; she would wait until her dear friend Mrs. Amos had had hers mended, and they would go together.

She then made a mental catalogue of all the important articles and asked a question or two to make sure she had made no mistake. Then she made a remark, in an apparently indifferent way, concerning one of these very articles. This set Impey talking; and he mapped out the subject in bold outlines, to her inward satisfaction. She was content with the bare outline, and then switched him upon another track, an article in the North

American Review which was shaking the throne of the financial world. She put the gist of that also in a neat little bag and stored it away for a famine. Then she opposed Impey on a point in which she quite well agreed with him at heart. He put forth his best arguments on the tariff question; and they were the same practically as contained in the Forum's article; this little coincidence pleased the bright woman, who had only looked on the cover of the book, and she put the gist of the tariff article also away on a shelf of her brain.

That very evening a few club friends of her husband were charmed with the brilliancy of this woman; she was informed on all that was alive and fresh; she knew not only what was printed, but could give a digest of the salient points; she went right to the heart of the subject and seemed to give you the kernel without the rind or shell; she never burdened you with a detail of facts. But the many-sidedness of her reading was the wonder; she ranged over the whole field, and without treating anything specifically, gave you a bird's eye view of it all. The men went away making a mental comparison between their wives and this woman. Their wives did not seem to read anything; and yet they had as much time as this woman, who must be burning the midnight

oil to keep abreast with the thought of the times.

While these gentlemen were being treated to this feast of reason, the little Airy boys were dragging around the nursery the unopened bundle of the monthlies, using it as a stage coach; and when the package broke they cut out the pictures and pasted them on the wall. But it did not matter; it gave them pleasure, and mamma did not want them particularly.

When Mrs. Amos had her shoe given her, she and Mrs. Airy left together, and thought they would stop at the Burrs'. Esther Airy had an appointment with her mother and met them as they entered the street.

They found the Burrs on the veranda, just lighting the lanterns. Esther, a bright girl of about eighteen, wanted to report the result of her investigation into a case which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had in hand. Enid Burr was one of the managers. Miss Airy had been detailed to inquire into the cases of little girls who carried heavy loads of wood on their heads. She saw a bundle weighing about two hundred pounds, which a little girl, stunted in growth, tried to balance on her head. Two men came along and shifted the load, and after a few staggering steps the child walked off. This

was repeated until the whole heap of refuse was carried off by several such little girls.

"I followed the stunted little girls to their homes," said Esther, "and found them in a state of abject poverty. The father told me of his shamefully scanty wages. This roused me and I went to the contractor. The contractor said the contract was very low—the merchant of the warehouse would not give more for the job. He directed me to the merchant. Whom do you think I went to see? It was none other than my own, dear, good father, who was having a new warehouse erected for his increasing business. I talked to father, but he said it was a matter of business, and girls could not understand the laws that govern business and trade. Now I may not understand trade; I know nothing about the tariff, but such as I hear from mamma; but this one thing I do know, that those stunted little creatures staggered under their loads,—one piece of rubbish was actually in the shape of a cross, and two men had some difficulty in getting it balanced on her head,—and that their skulls were flattened and almost crushed by this awful pressure. Now look at this spectacle; it seemed as though she was going to a crucifixion. What did I find? The child was compelled by the parents; the father said his wages were low, he was oppressed by the

contractor; the contractor said he could not pay more because he was squeezed by the man who builds; and when I go along the line and trace the matter to its source, I find that my own dear father gets his work done at as cheap a rate as possible, plenty of contractors are willing to do it as cheaply, and so the matter goes, no matter how many skulls are flattened. I thought those spines would crack, every step those little slaves took."

The company listened with interest to the earnest young girl, and were charmed with the energy and the philosophy she displayed in her day's work.

Enid Burr silently reflected through it all, and ran over in her mind the number of arrests that had been made to prevent similar cruelty to children. It was always the *parents* who had been arrested; and Enid Burr was set thinking about *causes*. Her mind was open. Her theories were always exposed for revision. She thought of our custom of regarding appearances instead of causes, of dealing with the man caught red-handed, without too closely inquiring into the state of that society that bred him, and the condition of things that bred him.

She was relieved from her thoughts by her husband interjecting in a decided tone that savored

somewhat of quiet indignation, "I think that little bishop of yours is about right when he says we must trace evils to their sources, seek foundations, and stop this building on hay, wood, and stubble. It is all very well to arrest parents, but had we not better inquire why they have no coal in their cellars?" Here Esther began to give a more detailed account of her talk with her father. She learned that his profits, clear of all expenses, were fifty dollars a day; that if he was willing to give only a portion of this, he still could live, and the contractor could then give better wages to the workmen; the workmen in turn could put coal into their cellars, and then the little girls need not be sent out to have their skulls flattened and their spines broken. But her father said it was not business-like; and so the result of all these methods is that little children are squeezed and ground between the upper stone of business methods and the nether stone of circumstance.

"Papa then opened a drawer and gave me ten dollars, and told me to buy a hat if I liked. He also paid his subscription to the Society, and said I was a good girl to be thoughtful for the poor, but I really did not know much about business; and it would not be well to inquire too closely into the matter; it was a complex question and men in business shut their eyes and got along the best they

could. I don't need a hat; those little girls had none; they made a cushion of old rags and then loaded their dreadful loads on it, and staggered down the street."

CHAPTER XIV.

Ways and Means.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away,
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Anon.

Quite late one evening after a busy day, Ai had settled down in his large wicker chair before a blazing fire, for his usual hour of light reading. He had drawn the blinds, for he wished to be entirely alone. It was his custom to keep his windows unshaded until late in the evening, to give the people of the street a glimpse of his room—his bright fire, the few pieces of bric-a-brac which had been given him, his pictorial papers with which he decorated the walls, his books, and the boys who rolled on his rugs; all these things made him the happy man he was, and he wished to share them with all who passed. But late in the evening he claimed an hour of solitude. He had just

taken down a volume of Whittier, when he heard a gentle, timid rap at the door. He opened it and the light of the fire aided him in recognizing the young priest who had followed in the procession to the little cathedral. He stood timidly, waiting for a special invitation.

The bishop reached out both hands and drew him in, and placed him in the wicker chair. He seemed exhausted and really quite sick. As he removed his hat, the lines on this young face seemed deeper, and the gray in the hair more abundant, than, Ai thought, the day he first saw him. He had a troubled look; but casting a glance about the poorly furnished room, and feeling still the warm grasp of the bishop's hand, he took courage, as if this seemed a place where one might find sympathy.

"I came to see you at this late hour because I wanted to find you alone; I can now speak without being disturbed or limited by your engagements. Sometimes the business air in the treatment of our work takes out of it all its life and merit."

"Now we can talk as friends," interjected the bishop, as he threw on the fire the contents of the waste basket, which sent out a delightful glow. The bishop moved up a little closer and asked what he might do for him.

"I have just taken, as you know—but perhaps you do not know, vestries sometimes manage such things—I have just been called to the rectorship of St. John's, and I would like to do my duty in that field, which I believe to be a good one, if properly cultivated." "That is a fine old church," said the bishop, "and you ought to feel happy with such opportunities." He then put more kindlings on the fire, which sent the shadows dancing on the walls. "Yes, but there is nobody in it," suggested the troubled man. "But there are plenty in the lanes around, I warrant you," added the bishop, "and we must seek them out and compel them to come in. My uncle Toby was an old soldier, and he used to say there is nothing like changing your plan of attack. Many a battle has been won by a gentle retreat, and then a flank movement, meeting the enemy at an entirely new and undefended point. Now let us see whether we cannot find our way. One great point is gained, you acknowledge that there is an enemy around; that is half the victory. Your old position won't do, that is evident. How many will your church hold?"

"Eight hundred."

"How many are there when your force is strongest?"

"About two hundred."

"Then there is a waste of space for six hundred; or three-fourths is wasted."

"It seems so."

"How many gas jets?"

"Eighty."

"Twenty would do; a waste of sixty; at a dollar a year, sixty dollars, all wasted. This waste of gas is something that appeals to me very forcibly as I make my quiet dashes into the churches. I am irresistibly impelled toward counting the jets, which I find very frequently outnumber the persons in the congregations in our expensive churches.

"The time will come when business principles will be applied to this matter of unproductive capital in the shape of expensive church architecture. But as to the gas, I have a friend, Impey, who tells me with a twinkle, that there seems to him a waste of gas in more senses than one. However, let that go." Those lines seemed to fade for the moment.

"You say there are many people around?"

"Yes, but how to get them to come, is the question."

"That church was a power once, and it can be made a power again; and we will see the day when it will be done. You and I, my boy, will see it once more swarm with boys and girls."

The cheerful air of the bishop put courage into the timid man, and he began to speak more freely.

"If you will come here to-day a week, in the morning, I will have you meet a lady who may aid us to solve the matter. I will get her to draw up plans, and she will explain them to you and we will take counsel."

The young man arose to go.

"But before you go, I may as well give you a little idea of what I have been thinking about. You say you can spare fully three-fourths of your space. We will divide this unused space into at least three rooms. The other fourth will remain as your church, fitted up as usual for preaching and your usual services. We still need some preaching, but it is evident something else is more urgent, and so we need less preaching room and more of something else. You have, no doubt, some bright business man who will be pleased to take one of these rooms and do with it much as he would with his office—go to it regularly, take some interest, and feel an occasional burden on his mind growing out of that work. He will perhaps sit down and read to a few boys, who have few opportunities; this is a point gained. Then he will get them to read in turn until they become interested; this will set them thinking;

then one will speak out; that will provoke another to reply; and so the evening will pass. If the book is one relating to fair dealing in everyday life, and justice in all things, it will be a great good to the world to have these boys think about it, for they will soon be men. That evening can be made a model for seven evenings in the week, all varied according to the progressive ideas of the business man, and the suggestions of the boys. Call this the Department of Justice. Paint the name over the door, or get one of the boys to do it."

The priest moved closer to the bishop.

"You have in your congregation, perhaps, another business man who is bright and capable of dealing with living issues. Give him a room and tell him it is his, and that he is to use it as he would his office. To make it a success he will not lock it up six days in the week. He will perhaps gather only a few boys at first to look at pictorial papers, but that will lead to reading. He then will select books and articles which they will read individually and discuss in the circle. Perhaps they will look into the question of how men, rich and poor, are mutually dependent upon one another; they will read of and discuss the institutions of our country and city,—its prisons, hospitals, schools, industrial agencies, commerce, and

the various living questions that come up among men living together. Call this the Department of Social Science. Have a boy learning a trade paint it over the door; he will take special interest in it and will do it well, I assure you."

"Can boys be made to take an interest in such matters?" suggested the priest.

"Try them: cheat a boy at ball and see how soon his sense of justice is aroused; see how he will appeal to his fellows—to society. See how they will take an interest in an arrest or a fight. A boy will take an interest in anything that concerns man as living among men—Social Science, sir,—and we must see that the proper kind of light is shed upon these questions of life.

"Your department of social science will be a power, and we must see that it is established. I say we, for I mean to help you. How many heart-aches in this world could have been avoided, if the boy, who has grown into a man, had been brought up at the feet of your plain man in your department of justice, and learnt the simple rule of just dealing, as one kind boy deals with another—free from all false ambitions and the baser passions that rule men later in life. We must get back to the justice of youth, and away from the justice of technicality. Then we will find some bright woman who wants something to do as an outlet for

her energies; give her a room and tell her it is her own."

The young priest's eyes brightened and he moved nervously in his chair; this was the third time this bishop said *we*.

"This woman will gather the younger children, boys and girls who throw mud, and who make noises, who kick gates and annoy their neighbors. These are not bad children, they simply want some rational way to give vent to their abundant energy; not finding a rational way, they find an irrational one. The woman will teach them a more excellent way. She will not deprive them of mud, but will teach them to mould it into a crude vase, an animal, or a locomotive. She will teach those noisy feet to tramp in orderly methodical steps. Those noises will be turned into songs of clean and helpful words; and the hours will be gone only too soon. Call it a Kindergarten. The children will rebel against the school, but will cry for the Kindergarten. That is about what we must do; and I will get my friend to draw up the plans of alterations. Humanity is there, you admit; the framework of a church is there, too; we must cause these dry bones to live."

They talked long and earnestly; the priest frequently taking hold of the bishop's arm, and pressing it convulsively, which the bishop some-

times answered by playfully tapping him on the shoulder. He arose a second time to go but the bishop would not have it; he must not go out on such a night, for the rain was falling and great drops of sleet were blown against the window. No one expected him home, and he could have a bed in there among the books. It was a little alcove completely lined with shelves, even the rafters had shelves suspended from them. At the entrance was a revolving book-case, operating like a turnstile. At the other end was a small window, the light falling upon the pillow of a narrow bed which was placed in the centre of the alcove, leaving scarcely room for passage to the books. Here the bishop read when fatigued, and the tired man was shown to this bed.

CHAPTER XV.

Was He Intrusive?

The truth shall make you free.—*Jesus.*

When it reached the bishop's ear that the church at the corner of Franklin and Wood had been sold, he was somewhat surprised. That it had escaped his notice was exasperating, but it was now beyond his control. To see any retreat

of the ranks was always to him sad and annoying. When, however, on inquiring, he learned that the property had been bought by Impey, he raised his eyebrows and wondered what all this might mean. Possibly Impey, after all, was a Christian out and out, and only affected his little objections. Impey might be his secret ally after all, and might have saved the property to the Church. While the bishop was framing his plans for active, aggressive work at that corner, Impey was in a little room of the church, laying *his* plans.

There was no doubt, he concluded, after thinking the matter over carefully, that conventional Christianity was a failure as a practical force, and something else must be brought in as a substitute, or at least as a supplement. He had walked the streets of the neighborhood and had seen the shameful condition of things, and was the more convinced of the impotence of this creed to meet the situation. The trouble is, he thought, that no one believes the creed to which he nominally adheres. These sellers of rum are all baptized Christians, but their faith sits lightly on them.

These criminals are all versed in the language of the Sunday School, but it has not governed their lives. This seething mass of corrupt humanity has all been steeped in the proper formulas of the Christian creeds, but they have failed to

keep it pure. There is something wrong. Perhaps it is not on account of the principles of Christ, but because the principles of Christ have been misrepresented, and the man has been caricatured, that this indifference to, or revulsion from conventional Christianity has been brought about.

Then, too, perhaps the principles of one man did not embody *all* truth, and the principles of other men were needed to round out the whole sum of truth. Thus he reasoned to himself as he looked about him and saw the effect of the system upon character. But what was to be done, was the question. That the Christians did not themselves believe very earnestly in the strength of their position was evident. This was seen in their retreats from the field.

Here was humanity sick, and these organized Christians had nothing to offer for its healing. Or if it made a pretense of offering, it was in such doses and such form that no one could seriously be expected to take it. But the most marked confession of weakness was this readiness to retreat.

On the side of the masses there was mistrust; it seemed to them that these creeds did not produce practical righteousness. They had not met with their ideals among the believers of these creeds.

The men and women walking these streets had

at some time in their lives met with injustice at the hands of one of these brethren, and it produced a shock to their moral sense; there followed a revolt, or an indifference to a system that produced such poor men as to make it possible for one to be wounded in the house of one's friends. This want of practical righteousness repelled, and so they sold their rum, and sold themselves, and revenged themselves by petty thefts, and went on in their unclean ways; excusing themselves in the thought that had it not been for a certain wrong done them, and a certain injustice, they would not be in this present state; and so they go on and become utterly reckless. Impey inquired into the matter and found that for him to mention Christianity to some men was damaging to his cause. This of course arose, he knew, on account of the misrepresentations of the real Jesus; he had been caricatured; and the remedy was to set these people right, and state the facts.

False teaching was at the bottom of the trouble. It would be a great gain to separate Jesus and his teaching from the accretions which have gathered through the years, mostly through the ignorance of teachers, and the inherent superstition of some men. These accretions of Christianity misled the unwary, and caused a revolt among thinkers; it would be justice to Jesus to separate them from

that which he really taught, and thus raise the great teacher to a level where the clear-thoughted could meet him, and so respect him. This would meet the difficulties of a class very large indeed, men with noble impulses and a leaning toward the righteous act, who yet have no sympathy with organized Christianity as found and exemplified in life.

Then also there may be truths in other directions. Over and above this Christianity, when that has been threshed out from the chaff, there may be something vitalizing, truthful, coming from other sources; this must be brought in to supplement this pure truth of Christianity. The rills that converge to form this great river of truth are many, and they come from sources widely separated. Possibly Buddha has something to offer, very old; possibly the one God of the Hebrews has a word that ought to be heeded; perhaps Mohammed may have a grain that may serve for the purifying of society; and so, too, perhaps there is a bit of truth uttered by those of lesser note and fame, voices about us, not soft in their cadences, and frequently too, quite soft, so that they are often unnoticed and entirely lost. Possibly we have heard with one ear only, and moved in grooves too narrow, and been entirely too one-sided. That this great force of truth has not pre-

vailed, seems to be evident. But perhaps the trouble is that we have smothered it, or have taken a lie in its stead.

Maybe we are not willing to seek the truth in the right direction, or in *all* directions.

The little room seemed to stifle him as Impey walked up and down, looking out of the window occasionally and thinking it all over. Here was a Church that had stood for the truth, this truth that should make men *free;* and were these men and women free?—or were they slaves, slaves to their selfish instincts, slaves to their appetites, slaves to all the baser masters that rule mankind? There was another Church around the corner that stood for the truth that should make men *free;* but they long ago had retreated from the field, leaving humanity —their own brethren, too—in bondage—prisoners in despair. He sat down by a table and fingered mechanically a Bible, and then rose again nervously and looked into the empty church. It smelt musty, and it needed airing; the thing stood in need of renovation, he thought. He then made a mental calculation as to the dimensions; and then went out into the street, leaving the door standing wide open. "They won't go in, I warrant you," he muttered to himself as he walked in the direction of Minster Street, to have a talk with Ai.

"I am glad you came, Impey; for I need your assistance in pulling the ropes."

Impey looked astonished; to think that this straight-forward, sincere, and single-minded man should have degenerated into a puller of wires and ropes.

"She was a woman in the true sense of the word," continued Ai, "and it is time that such have recognition."

"What do you mean?"

Ai then explained.

"Did she make speeches?" inquired Impey.

"No."

"Did she serve on numerous committees?"

"No."

"Did she make the other women green with envy?"

"No."

"Did she write?"

"She could write her name."

"What did she do then, that the flag ought to be lowered?—I never heard of her."

"She was a woman, a plain woman; not entirely ignorant, read a little while nursing her baby; mended her children's clothes, cooked her husband's meals, and made her home such that he longed to get there in the evening. She never came to my Church and yet was always serving. I

could teach her little of duty she did not know; her trouble, she said, was in the willing. I often went to her home because I learnt so much. She enriched the world by bringing into it three men, a carpenter, a plumber, and a cleaner of the streets. The carpenter once said, 'I do not give in church collections,—I give honest houses.' The plumber was once discharged because he refused to cover up a defective drain. The cleaner of streets had a gang of men who loaded ashes conscientiously, and observed a code of ethics in dumping that never left any heartaches. A woman who so ordered her affairs as to render such help to society was no unimportant person. Yes, Impey, we must lower the flag of the school-house half-mast; a woman has been taken away from us —a plain woman—but her worth will yet be felt in the honest houses, the honest plumbing, the clean streets. Let us ask the boys to help us and teach them its significance. Come, Impey, help me to manipulate the ropes."

As they walked back to Ai's room, after the lowering of the flag, each seemed trying to find a way to introduce the subject of the new venture at Franklin and Wood, and both felt diffident. At last the bishop remarked that he was glad to hear that he was to have such an assistant in his work, that he had heard of Impey's purchase.

"I should be pleased to have *your* help and co-operation," retorted Impey; "but in this matter I must be leader and you will follow."

The bishop looked pleased at his spirit, and inquired particulars.

"You had," said Impey, "a fair chance and a fair field around the corner; but you yielded the ground and deserted the field; it is time that something else were tried."

"What do you mean?"

"You remember, but perhaps you don't, St. Philip's, just around the corner? It is no Church now. By elevation and enlargement, by additions and readjustments it became a machinery for the making of a fortune. It was a Church once, a machinery for the making of men."

"I do not remember, but have heard of it," thoughtfully said the bishop.

"The Church I bought and St. Philip's almost touched one another at their chancel ends, and stretched out at right angles, St. Philip's facing Vine Street, and my Church facing Franklin Street. A yard of graves filled the angle. The organized Christianity, called St. Philip's, has removed long ago; but the wickedness of the neighborhood is still there. Wickedness, indeed, seems to have organized itself still stronger since this retreat, and is taking a new lease of life." As Impey was

about to go on, the bishop timidly remarked that this happened long before his time. "You know," said he sadly, "that I was not responsible for that defection; that was before my time, and no one can be more sorry than I to see any such result."

"Nevertheless, there is the fact to face, and now there was to be another surrender of a stronghold. I have, however, taken the matter into my own hands. I want you, bishop, to help me all you can, but as to leadership, you will allow me that."

The bishop felt sad and a little irritated, and returned to the St. Philip's matter, which he himself had termed a defection. He felt that something might be said that might make the matter appear not so bad after all. He reminded Impey that the organization had only changed its base of operation and had removed to Broad and Spring Garden Streets, and had there joined hands with another church, and thus formed a formidable and solid phalanx, moving against the enemy. The united churches were doing a good work for humanity now.

"No doubt, no doubt," interrupted Impey, "but it is the same story over again; it is a confession of weakness and inability to cope with the evils of society. The removal simply means,

a neglecting to feed the flock that is starving, and a going to shear the wool of the well-fed."

"But they are gathering the children, I understand," cried the troubled bishop, "and are doing other aggressive work; they are going to make alterations, seem to have suitable machinery for meeting the demands of the times, and are almost regaining their lost ground."

"Such lost ground," replied Impey excitedly, "can never be regained. Such an enemy can never be fought at a distance. At close range—at close range,—it is the only way to meet such an enemy."

"But they have a good field where they have gone to," suggested the bishop.

"Splendid, excellent, sir; but who is to guarantee that they will hold out there when tribulations arise? This shutting about is a confession of weakness; the tree seems to grow only in a certain soil. This may be the order in nature, but your Christianity is supposed to possess the earth, and take into its arms all sorts and conditions—the entire brotherhood. But does it do so? Your priest maps out for himself a narrow circle, and strives to create for himself a pleasant place. If his natural sagacity has failed him, and he finds the field hard, he retreats, no matter about the swarming hive of imperfect humanity he leaves behind. He

confesses that what he has to offer will flourish only in certain soils, and he seeks those. The Nazarene gathered about him the motley crowd, —the common people. But where is your priest who has clinging to his skirts, as to a brother, the sorrowing poor?—who is really a friend of sinners, and really loves little children? Where is your priest who speaks as if he had a vision; as if he believed that righteousness should one day possess the earth, and that he was ushering in the dawn by spreading light among the erring, by bringing strength to the weak, by uplifting the down-trodden of the earth, and by the practice of a true justice? Is not your work a pleasant going among the ninety and nine just persons who seem to need no repentance; and then when some startling facts reveal that they do need repentance like other people, these prophets seal their lips and have no words."

The bishop had a troubled look and watched the fire during a long silence.

He trembled with emotion, Impey thought. During this silence, a feeling of pity came to Impey, and he thought that perhaps he had been too hard, perhaps had been misinterpreted by his bosom friend, who was living there in poverty among the poorest of the poor, and was undergoing a daily crucifixion that others might have

light and help. He looked about his poor room, and then at the fine man who was capable of appreciating the better and more comfortable things of life. He was stung with remorse by the thought that perhaps the bishop had taken all these truths to himself. So he tried to make plain what he meant. "*But*," said Impey, "they are not all alike. Through a selfish world there was moving grandly, often obscurely, a Nazarene. Such men we still have. We want a few more like yourself."

This lightened his heart a little, but Ai seemed still to have something weighing upon him. He looked Impey in the face for a moment and then asked him whether he proposed to attack Christianity.

"No, not attack, but supplement it. To attack Christianity were to attack a great deal of truth; this truth ought to be emphasized rather, and then supplemented by other light from the stars themselves. We have grasped only a little truth; now we must advance and take possession of the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The bishop pressed his hand as he arose to go: "May light and courage be given you."

CHAPTER XVI.*

* Suppressed.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Chapter Thrown In.

A winged word hath many times literally set a nation's heart, and even a universe, on fire. [illegible] A winged word hath [illegible] A winged word hath [illegible] Let us [illegible] dependent [illegible]

My friend Impey reminds me that the readers of this book had a very narrow escape for which they will be very grateful when they come to think about it. Do you remember, General, that battle that you might have gotten into? Think, for a moment, of its flow of blood, the shrieks of the wounded and their torturing thirst, the smell of powder, the fatigue of the march, the pangs of hunger, the roar of cannon, the beating of drums, the rush of calvary, the glitter of bayonets;—remember, I said the battle that you *might*—have gotten into. Of course you never did get into it; you always got out of it; you never ran those risks, nor were exposed to those dangers; but you might have gotten into an awful charnel-house. That reflection makes you the thankful man that you are. Three times a day you get down on your knees and feel grateful for having somehow escaped

danger,—not having even come near it. And so appretiative reader, *you* entertain toward me a feeling akin to the General's, for having protected *you* from the awful consequences that would have ensued had I not chosen and written *Ai*, but with one dash of the pen, in cold blood, deliberately and intentionally traced out in my clear, bold, round hand, *Nebuchadnezzar Wallenstein*, and selected him as the hero of this tale. Ask the Professor about this. He says that if you could see under a microscope the action of the nerves and muscles and the rush of blood, brought about in the thinking of a single thought, however tiny, men would be so overcome by the terrible sight, that they would think a long time before they could bring their minds to think another thought. Mentel action is a terrible thing. Ask the Professor about this and you will be convinced that Impey was right. You will see how much genuine consideration there was for humanity, how much real benevolence there lay back of it all, when I reduced from twenty-five to two letters the name of my hero. Did you even think about it? If you did not, then do. Think of the difference between having to walk twenty-five miles to the post-office instead of only two, just across the hill. Think of the strain saved to the eye is not being obliged to see those twenty-three additional letters,

and the saving of brain-force in not being obliged to think how they ought to be pronounced. And looking at the matter from a business standpoint, the saving in type-setting is simply wonderful. Every time the hero's name occurs, the type-setter is saved the trouble of going for twenty-three additional letters.

You may go through this book and count the number of times the name occurs, and see for yourself, if you like. Then consider—for I do not care to ask anyone to think, after what the Professor has told me,—consider the number of additional pages it would have taken, and the extra quantity of ink. All this, of course, would have been preceded by the extra destruction of pens, and cost of paper, and postage, in getting the extra manuscript to the printer. This would have made a difference in the cost of the book. Pens, ink, paper, type-setting, printing—all cost money, and it has been saved, and you have the benefit of it. But the Professor's scientific discovery and suggestion, dear Madam, is perhaps the strongest consideration calling for gratefulness on your part. The wear and tear upon the brain that was spared you, with its possible consequences, will make you as grateful as is the General. Of course you cannot appreciate all this without counting the number of times the name occurs,—

this I do not ask you to do; but merely wish to call your attention to a great truth,—that it is in just such little things that true benevolence and the kindly heart show themselves. There was here a real interest in, and consideration for, humanity in general and you in particular.

And now consider for a moment another matter. As this book may be translated into every known tongue, it will be a very simple matter to have to translate simply, A1. The saving in type-setting will be simply enormous,—considering that every language will require a separate reprint, if all nations on the face of the globe will insist upon having the book.

Now let me give you still another, and an entirely new matter, for your consideration. Won't you come over and sit here, Susie?—there is plenty of room.

That's right—I knew you would.

Did you ever consider—but really you must not get offended at what I wish to say,—will you?

No,—I knew you would not.

Did you ever reflect on the chronic laziness of mankind? I mean men and women in general. Of course we can only know this fact by observing individuals. Now take yourself for example. You have been reading this book without discovering that in this chapter alone there have been thus far

2 words misspelt; 3 errors in punctuation; 5 typographical errors; 1 of ignorance, not mine; and 1 slip in grammar; the fidelity is divided,—some say, none, but I confess to one,—and yet you have never noticed this. Your cousin noticed some, but she passed them all over in her sweet charity, and said they were merely typographical errors. But they are not. They were deliberately and intentionally put there to show you how instinctively lazy we are, and how little attention we really pay, even to such a book as this. We rush along to see how it all turns out, and miss the real pith and point of its teaching. You will of course see the importance now of the strictest attention; for there is not a sentence which was not written and re-written for your especial benefit and instruction. But what was *not* put in, will perhaps appeal to you most strongly. Hundreds of words have been expunged, even whole chapters have been thrown out,—out of consideration for you. One publisher wished to throw out the whole book—for the good of the human race, as he archly remarked. That man is now bitterly repenting his thoughtlessness.

But after the Professor's suggestion, you will admit the truly altruistic spirit pervading these pages. It is in just such little things,—in the un-

noticed thoughtful omissions of life, that the truly kindly heart shows itself.

☞ Ai.
☞ Nebuchadnezzar Wallenstein.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Concerning the Suppressed Chapter.

What is it ye would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.—*Shakespeare.*

When I called at the office of *The Underground Magazine* to see why the November number had been so long delayed, I was met by the editor as he was going out to dinner. He did not invite me to go with him, but turned back and waved me to a chair. I was anxious to see how my work looked in print, but tried to appear unconcerned. He also seemed nervous about something, though he endeavored to conceal his feelings, with, however, as little success as I had. There was a pause, quite long, but he finally said, "I ordered the presses stopped and took out that chapter." He added something more, but it was so vague, that I

was not quite sure of the motive for his action. The way he said it led me to think that he meant that the meat was too strong for the babes to digest; though when thinking it over, I got the idea that he might possibly mean that such milk was too weak for this progressive, thoughtful age. He had a most tantalizing way of concealing his thoughts. There was one thing sure, however—I had been paid for it. I sold his reverend lordship sufficent material to make a good substantial pair, of full length; but if he thinks that this sinful age demands Knickerbockers, there is nothing to be consulted but his own good pleasure. Possibly the remnant can be used for an apron.

The pressman said it could best be arranged by a blank and a star.

This was a simple thing to do, but the commotion it caused cannot easily be imagined. The public at once was aroused, imaginations were stimulated, and not a few wanted to know the contents of that suppressed chapter. The public of course turned to the papers for reliable information.

The *Press* said, the chapter is supposed to have given an account of how the trolly ordinance was passed; and then went into an explanation of what was meant by the trolly, something that is not likely to be understood at this time, but which

nevertheless excited no little popular interest fifty years ago. The chapter also had some remarkable statements as to the methods employed behind the scenes, which were fair samples of the purity of politics and legislatures half a century ago.

The *Telegraph* regarded the whole matter as a pleasantry of the author's, and it worked well, as the sale of the periodical had greatly increased. A representative of the *Telegraph* had seen the author, and had become convinced that there never had been a chapter written. The author knew the public, and thought a blank gave as much diversion and amusement as a written chapter, which needed to be very bright indeed to cause as much diversion as this omission. Readers wanted diversion and they got it.

The *Bulletin* gave what was claimed to be an abstract of the chapter. It was to the effect that bishops were elected much like the president of the country or any other politician; that it was a singular piece of business behind the scenes; as peculiar in some respects as in England, where the Queen hands in the name of the prospective bishop and commands his election, and then the body goes into the cathedral and prays for light and guidance as to the choice of a fit person for the holy office. This suppressed Chapter also gave an amusing account of a celebrated case, that of a

prelate, of whom strangers invariably remarked, after an introduction, "I wonder how he ever came to be made a bishop?"

The *Ledger* said that no exact information could be obtained concerning the suppressed chapter; that only six copies of the periodical had been run off the press, when it was stopped, the copies destroyed, and the chapter taken out. It was supposed, however, that the author was certain that more could be made of it in a future book; as it contained gold, that by judicious hammering, might be made into quite an ornament,—in short, there was to be another book; and that if poetry was to be inserted, it would probably be a three-volume affair.

The *Record* surmised that the chapter contained the author's real opinions concerning the final triumph of the Holy See over all opposing forces; but for some unaccountable reason, which no one seems able to discover, the Chapter, which is said to have been really quite remarkable, was suppressed.

The *North American* said that the sermon preached at Ai's consecration had been inserted; but the publisher impiously maintained that it was not live matter, and so the chapter was suppressed.

The *Times* maintained that the blank was left

for the special accommodation of that man who is sure to sing his marginal notes. His bright thoughts will now be written in one place, making the most thoughtful chapter in the book, perhaps. This chapter in each book will be different, as will be seen; but all may be collected some day, and published as a literary curiosity. It was an artful, designing plot, which will yet bear fruit in the shape of unsullied margins, to the delight of trustful friends and painstaking librarians.

The *Item* was the only paper that treated the matter editorially. This was to the effect that a representative of the *Item* had seen the chapter, but that the manner in which the information was obtained did not commend itself to the policy and principles of true journalism, and that the representative had been discharged. He had intruded into the privacy of the home; and while this might be considered by others of the profession as enterprise, invasion of the sanctity of the home merited only rebuke, from those who wished to keep their journalistic skirts unsullied.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Wedding Dance.

[illegible]

The marriage of Esther Airy was an event in Philadelphia's fashionable circle. She was married in her new house, 422 S. Front Street. Mrs. Airy had at first resisted this going to the old homestead, but she yielded gracefully in the end. She was of the diplomatic turn of mind that quickly perceived when the combination of circumstances was against her, and then knew how to yield in such a way as not even have it seem a yielding, but rather a voluntary move for the best advantage. Mrs. Airy had her friends sooth of the opinion that she was to be congratulated on the course things were taking; and seizing every point of advantage made them really quite envious. The old house was a fine vantage ground. There

was a move toward the æsthetic in architecture, and this served her well. There was a rivalry in the tearing down of fronts and substituting new fronts of some antique pattern. The architects were vying with one another in their efforts to invent the strangest and oldest designs. They refused to move beyond the magic lines, but imported art and beauty and stamped their houses with it in their reverence for the past. But Mrs. Airy would have none of it. This was all imitation, and she said they even tried to get the cheapest imitations;—there was an unreality about it all which she scorned and would not yield to. Her Esther should have the real thing or nothing. Her friends should see something which would not on the face of it strike one as an affectation,—a thing out of place. Everything should be in perfect harmony with the surroundings; this would prove fascinating to lovers of art and the antique, and would have its desired effect. There have been spacious halls constructed of late years, but none that seem to speak hospitable words like these halls.

There have been no successful imitations of those arches, that seem to welcome by their curves; and that stairway, with its quaint mahogany railing and pillars,—there could be no imitation of that. There existed circular stair-ways,

no doubt, and there were numerous wide and beautiful angular stair-ways with their restful platforms; but you could go through all this city and not find another oval stair-way, with one continuous railing from roof to cellar. The small brother of Esther thought it the finest unobstructed device he had ever seen. Mrs. Airy would make sure to have the mammas of Esther's friends see this, and would stand by and notice the effect.

Then those oval windows piercing the walls here and there; a genuine latticed window with lead a century old; dormer windows with their moss-covered shingles and fine mouldings; open fire-places and their carved mantelpieces; corner closets with their tiny square panes for exhibiting china; overhanging wooden cornices, solid and imposing, looking down with scorn upon imitations in tin; heavy shutters studded with broad-headed, wrought-iron nails, as if for a defense against revolutionary bullets; walls scraped of a century's accumulation of paper, down to the original plaster, against which the Britishers lazily leaned as they talked and proposed to fair maidens, during Howe's occupation,—all this Mrs. Airy ran over in her quick mind, and she would have this whole perverseness of Esther's turned to advantage, making it appear one of the greatest successes which an ambitious woman might de-

sire. The house was renovated and furnished suitably, in perfect accord with the place. No expense was spared by the bride's mother, who owed a heartache of envy to a certain woman, whom she should surely invite, and so pay back. Mrs. Airy's opportunity had now come, and Esther's wilfulness had hastened it.

The wedding was one long remembered;—the scene bright and many colored, yet strangely simple. The young girls of Esther's acquaintance predominated, and there was a corresponding proportion of young beaux. A sprinkling of sailors, whom Esther had met in her work, were there with their wives and children. Ai, the bishop, performed the ceremony under the arch in the hall, which was hung with smilax and flowers. The sailors had formed beautiful designs of ropes and covered them with vines and flowers. Impey was there, and after the ceremony by the bishop, he read selections from "Idyls of the King." Then followed a dance by the young people, which was a scene of simple joy and innocent merriment.

The young girls were dressed in loose clinging robes of inexpensive muslin; with girdles decked with smilax and roses; some in the manner of Greek maidens, others affecting the costumes of colonial days. The youths wore knee-breeches

with silk stockings, and had huge buckles on their shoes.

The orchestra was a pleasing feature. Enid Burr had acquaintance among the Italians of the neighborhood, and had organized their musical talent. A young girl of imposing form was robed in a flowing Roman robe, gathered loosely at the neck, displaying a shapely dark-skinned arm. She played upon a harp. Indeed, all the instruments were of ancient Greek or Roman order. A few girls had long slender pipes, as if at a procession of the vestals. The orchestra was half concealed behind a large harp which reached to the ceiling, making the scene an enchanting one. The strings of this harp were a contribution of ropes given by the sailors, who decked them with clinging vines. The old dances of colonial times were revived, and the men from foreign climes had previously been consulted as to quaint, simple dances of their native lands, a few of which the children danced. But especial effort was made to have realistic representations of their ancestors, and of the merry times their great-grandmothers had with the gallant officers of the famous occupation. The bishop could not be driven away and was one of the last to leave the house. He loved to see the youth revelling in their innocent delights, and moved among them like one as young and light of heart

as they. He encouraged their pranks, and talked in gayest vein, even making merry with them; and the hours had no cares, and there was no sorrow in this world to him,—only when the thought would irresistibly force itself upon him, that it could not be so forever with these young hearts. One thing, however, was noticeable,—he always withdrew from the room when the dancing began. This was not a protest, but his action was prompted by a deep feeling which he one day disclosed. To see these youths and maidens in their innocent glee, suggested to him a scene Edenic in its purity, and he felt unfit to look upon it,—did not care to disturb it, or in any way interfere with it by his presence. This lightness of heart, this freedom from care, this absence of rivalry and of envy,—all seemed to him so pure and so Edenic, that one like himself, had no right to look upon and disturb these uncontaminated, innocent spirits. And so the bishop turned his face to the wall, or withdrew to the hall, or perhaps needed the fresh air outside, when the young people began their dances. He had, however, his ideas with regard to the dancing of anyone above a certain age. It then ceased to be an Eden. It rather became a season of bitter rivalry, where stinging envy left its heart-aches, and vainglory was the ruling passion of the hour. It ceased to be the simple joy of youth,

but rather the crafty seeking after some hollow ambition. Youth enjoyed the dances; beyond youth there was the enjoyment of social victories. The bishop and Impey often talked of the matter, and they did not agree. Impey became gayer as the streaks of gray appeared; but then, the bishop maintained, he was an exceptional soul;—it was simply impossible for Impey to feel wickedly envious, or to be actuated by pique, or to have any vain or hollow ambitions.

"Did you ever notice," said the bishop to one of the girls, "that the quadrille called the Polacca is peculiar in this one respect,—that it never is danced to any other than one particular air? It is not so with other movements,—there are many pleasing airs to which they may be danced; but it would seem strange to hear a new air for the Polacca."

Then one of the bright-cheeked girls of the group remarked playfully,—"And did you ever notice, Bishop, another peculiarity of the Polacca, —that it is an *uncommonly warm dance*." This set all the group laughing and fanning themselves vigorously, and then they all fanned the bishop, and formed a circle from which he should not escape them.

While this merriment was going on in the hallway, there were little groups stationed at the front

windows, listening to the yarns of the sailors of the neighborhood, who had gathered on the porch by invitation of the bride. Among them were a few who had just come into port, and had come to the house—which had been their stopping place for years. In recent times the old place had been a sailors' hotel. These mariners just in port, were surprised by the gay scene At the two windows were being spun two thrilling yarns of sea-serpents which the tars had actually seen. This fascinated the young girls, and they crowded the windows to hear these wonderful adventures.

They then brought to the simple-hearted men of the sea, cake and cream, which courtesy drew from them still more astonishing yarns.

The statistics of the engagements could not accurately be gathered; but the fruits of the conquests have since appeared. The idea of dwelling in the homes of one's ancestors received a mighty impetus, from the marriage and house-warming of Esther Airy.

CHAPTER XX.

A Report of Work.

High talk of noble deeds.—*Tennyson.*

The new tenements were completed, and Ai

had the pleasure of seeing the families return to their quarters. He made sure that the *same* people should come back. There were a few who anticipated an increase of rents, but they were assured that the rents would be the same for the same number of rooms, and this brought about the desired result. There was not such a marked improvement at first among the older people of fixed habits, but the work among the young people brought encouraging results. In the middle of the new row of buildings was located an industrial school, where the girls were taught the art of plain housekeeping; and this acted like a charm.

The girls made use of their knowledge in their own homes, and quite a rivalry sprang up among them. They invited their neighbors and exhibited their tidy homes, and this provoked still more emulation. Enid Burr had secured the interest and co-operation of her lady friends, who gave particular instruction in housekeeping. Each took charge of the girls for only a month, and then was followed by another, and so in turn by others; this gave a variety, and all phases of good housekeeping were brought out. There was nothing stilted in this method, and professional perfunctoriness was avoided. But Mrs. Burr maintained that it did the ladies as much good as the girls. They thought they were imparting knowledge;

but they themselves were growing warm-hearted and sympathetic, and receiving an insight into the condition of the other half. This lectureship, as she called it, was the wisest stroke she had yet made. Gradually, however, the fruits of the new departure began to appear. The workingmen had cleaner homes, free from vermin, and more restful nights. The day depends largely upon the night you have had.

In the morning, the men arose refreshed, and after a warm, well-cooked breakfast, which the girls took especial pride in preparing, they left their homes, humming the latest street tune. The contractors saw the change; the men did better work, requiring less oversight, and so they could raise low wages, which they did. But better wages would not answer if the men spent the increase in rum.

This the bishop made plain to them in his practical talks at the reading-room. Rum was a leak, and the fullest barrel would empty itself in time. This the average man saw and acknowledged, but went on drinking nevertheless, so the bishop saw the necessity of something else to meet the situation. These men must not be exposed to temptation. One day he had a visit from a legislator, and he saw his opportunity. He took his friend by the arm, and walked him through the narrow streets,

and showed him the condition of things. "Listen to that quarrel,—that is rum. See that neglected child,—that is rum. See that scanty furniture,—that is rum. See that broken-down constitution,—that is rum." The legislator sighed and once quietly muttered, "And I voted for the sale of this." Ai saw the leaven was at work, and then took his man into other courts and by-ways, and pointed out the saloons on every corner and the kettles going and coming. The legislator stopped and made a note in his book.

While this was going on, the learned bishop of Roundtop was busy at home in his luxurious study, polishing off the sentences of his sermon on the evils of strong drink. The selfsatisfied congregation said it was ably delivered, and then went home to their wine-dinners. But here was a bishop who knew that a great deal of the evil of this world existed because of the ignorance of men. The prophet of old said, "My people do not *consider*." They must be made to *consider*. And therefore the bishop took his friend for a walk, if possible, to make *him* consider. It is useless, he thought, to appeal to these poor men through the reason; they will agree to all you say, and then continue in their evil ways. We must remove temptation, and treat this evil as we would any other evil, pernicious to soc. . The cholera, in

its most virulent form, is not such a menace to society, as are intoxicating liquors. And the proper way to begin is to apply legislation; back of that Ai saw the necessity of stimulating the intelligence of the legislator. An appeal to reason is almost fruitless. Men drink because *opportunity* is offered. They have not even the incentive of a liking for it. They evidence their distaste by their grimaces, and then go on and drink for the sake of the good fellowship. They are taken in the net of opportunity; and therefore the bishop sought to remove the sources of temptation. At the same time he set up a counter action in the home life, and tried in various ways to make pleasant the surroundings of the poor man. The new tenements attracted considerable attention, and he had arranged for the erection of another block in a neglected portion of the city.

In the meantime the rector of St. John's had had his alterations made, and was finding himself overrun with boys and girls, who became interested in the readings on social science and the art of living humanely together. He had contracted for a gymnasium to be erected on the corner of the vacant lot in front of the church.

Impey was also hard at work, and had attracted to himself a goodly company of men, who could not accept the old interpretations, and the various

and conflicting creeds; and who sought a freer atmosphere, and a basis upon which to stand, which most of them thought, was that of right conduct. Impey was puzzled by those men who glibly said their prayers and left their gas bills unpaid. Those devotees were enigmas, who bent the knee under gothic arches, and at the same time had men in their pay who *legally* were squeezing hearts' blood into their cup of joy. He sought to widen the platform of ethical conduct, and thought it the basis upon which a happy society must meet. And opportunities for helpfulness were coming to Esther in profusion. Her house had been a stopping place for sailors for a generation past, and they had not learned of the change of tenants, so they came as usual. Esther had furnished the front room in a plain and substantial manner, that the men might not feel ill at ease on account of its daintiness, and had placed there plenty of writing material, and a few books, charts, and maps. Upon a small table was constantly served a lunch. This was for the free use of the sailors, and she encouraged them to use it.

It afforded her an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with these interesting men and their daring lives, and she embraced it. She was in communication with a house close by, where they could be lodged and boarded. She had her

veranda open out from the room through spacious windows, where the men delighted to congregate; for these men of the sea loved the open air and confinement seemed oppressive. It was on this veranda that she often took counsel with them. They told her that it was almost impossible to have a sailor's wrongs redressed, and they could speak to her freely on that veranda, as they could not to a professional righter of wrongs. They could not get a hearing,—that was the difficulty. As a rule they were in a foreign land, among strangers, no one cared for them, and he fights a lonely fight who fights alone. They could not speak the language, frequently; and this was another difficulty. Then came the matter of money; sailors had little of that; and he who contends for his rights empty-handed will come out a disappointed man. "We cannot pay the price of your justice," said a tar to her one day. Justice was a matter that must be bought, it appeared to him. "You have so much money and you get so much justice; you have no money, and you get no justice. It is like buying a coat, it is long or short according to the price you pay." But the law's delays,—the postponements, the referrings, the reports, the arguments, the reargu-ments, and then the decision held under advise-ment,—it made these men of the sea, sick. Fre-

quently they could not sail because the case was pending. A pending case,—that weird inhuman something from which have sprung,—how many? —insanities in the world. To rovers on the wide waters,—the beautiful firmament above and the pure breezes, the most generous of nature's gifts —this wading through the slush of the courts, with their narrowness, contractedness, and obstructive methods, was all so stifling and little, that they rather suffered wrongs than sought redress. But they could talk to Esther. "You do not ask us for a retainer before we begin, and after we are well under sail you do not demand a refresher," one said to her. Their wrongs were poured into her ears, and after careful sifting, intelligent legislation was brought about to make these wrongs impossible. She was the champion of the sailors; the man who fights storms, plows waters, dares darkness, and defies cold,—all this, that you may see the wonders of travel, may secure your luxuries from foreign lands and may lull yourself to sleep in the amenities. These bronzed men were interesting to her and she was as proud of the awkward shake of the rough horny hand that made hers ache, as she was of that of the most gallant of beaux. And so it was understood that all former occupants of those rooms must still come there, and she had her daily receptions.

The men told her of the various national sailors' costumes, and she varied her dress to appeal to these national feelings.

One day she looked into the matter of sailors' lodgings. They were filthy and overrun with vermin. She took counsel with the bishop. "They have a church, I understand, especially built for them, to care for their souls; it were time to reverence their bodies," remarked the prelate. One evening he slipped into the church at Swanson and Catharine Streets, and sat by the door. Some one came to him, shook him cordially by hand, asked him whether he had just gotten into port, and invited him to come farther front. No, he would rather sit where he was, near the door where he could get the air. He counted the gas jets, the number of sittings, and took the dimensions of the empty spaces, and surveyed the decorations on the walls. "Nearly all wasted, gas, speech, and all," he said to himself as he slipped out of the door. "Even if the sailors were there, their chief concern seems to be with their souls, while it would seem they needed aid to keep together, and pure, their poor bodies." This he said as he walked to the other side of the street, to get an outside view of the church, and to make a mental calculation of how many bricks it might contain. As he walked away with his hands

folded behind his back, he said, "Well might we hold out the promise of a rest hereafter to men who are wave-tossed, and have so little of quiet here, if their quarters on ship and the beds I have seen are a fair sample. This is a mockery and a big farce. I will tear it down and will reconstruct." And he kept his word. Esther and Enid laid their plans and submitted them for approval. He said; "Go on and do it in your own way; you are on the ground and know its needs; don't fear that I will obstruct enterprise and quench enthusiasm; do not wait for formal approvals. I have approved inaction and stagnation long enough, and nothing that you may do can possibly be worse than that." This was refreshingly stimulating to these two energetic and original spirits, and they entered upon their work with a breeze. They originated the Woman's Auxiliary of the Churchman's Missionary Association for Seamen.

The church was torn to the ground, all but the north gable, which remains to this day, a curious and impressive monument illustrating the old method of holding out comfort to these toilers of the sea, as compared with the more enlightened plans of saving men. A plain hotel was erected on the site. This house occupies only half of the church space, concealing and utilizing only half of this north chancel gable, leaving the other half

exposed, showing the frescoes and decorations of the old wall.

The sailors had often turned from the dull words of the preacher to the wall, and studied these colors and designs, for diversion during the dreary, cold hour. Those decorations have now been given to the rain and to the winds, but the storm-beaten mariner sits cozily by a warm fire in his hotel or sleeps comfortably in his clean bed. This gives him a new vision of the brotherhood of man. The care of their souls goes on just as before, but the sailor does not now look with scornful suspicion upon anyone who seems to be interested in his eternal welfare. Simultaneously with the building of the home, there was erected a church not far away. It is a great deal smaller than the old one, and there is couched close to it a reading room and various other rooms for fostering the social life of these interesting men of the sea.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Day Off.

We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves: and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good.—*Romola.*

The capacity of the bishop for work was simply marvelous, and it was well it was so. Monday was his day off, when he wrote no letters and did no routine work, but was always at home to receive visitors, no matter what the object of the visit. The first caller on one such day was Impey. He had made a collection of precepts and maxims which he thought would make a new gospel, suitable to be added to the four, should the prelates at anytime be willing to listen to a new statement of some very old truths. This collection was a curious one, gathered from the Koran and from the writings of Confucius and Gaudama. There were a few, especially fine, he thought, from Benjamin Franklin, several from Tennyson, one from Whittier, three from Carlyle, and a harvest from the philosophers who saw visions at

Concord. Why should it be thought incredible that men should some day naturally desire a Bible with a supplement. There are better things lying around outside, thought Impey, than some things inside. The bishop looked over the collection and thoughtfully gazed into the fire, but said nothing.

Impey of course would not press him for an opinion, but when he arose to go, with the manuscript in his pocket, the bishop asked him to leave it,—he would like to look at it more carefully at his leisure.

As Impey passed out, the young rector of St. John's was just coming in with beaming face. The lectures on plain every-day justice and the social questions of the present day, were a success, and the rooms were filled every night. These same people came to church as well. They now viewed religion in a new light, and worthy of their attention. They regarded the special services in the church as a part of a system for the dissemination of truth which was many-sided, and no seeker after truth could neglect those sermons. Hitherto they avoided church, because they thought it all so narrow and one-sided, but now a new vision had been given them. They started with a few hard facts of this life, and this dispelled the notion that the hereafter only was worthy of their considera-

tion. This was the new view taken; and there was a roundness and common sense about it all that seemed to appeal to the every-day men of affairs. They had struck human nature in the right spot, when they built those rooms and the gymnasium, the young rector maintained; and he went away overjoyed and enthusiastic. The bishop called him back and gave him a note to several vestrymen, who were contemplating selling and moving west after their people, as faithful shepherds should. "Go and speak to them and tell them of your plans; there is nothing like living fire. Kindle the dry wood; and my blessing go with you." He then tapped him on the shoulder, and sent away that young lined face, wreathed in smiles.

Then came Mrs. Airy, who did not seem to have any particular business, simply wanted to say good morning, and leave her blessing for the tired and busy man. She, however, had her little pleasantry, which was to the effect that she got even with her husband the other night. That New Century Club house was a beauty and a success. She came home from the club the other night, quite late, and met her husband in the hall, both in their street wraps.

"Where have you been, my dear husband?"

"At the club. And where might you have been so late, dearest?"

"At the club!"

The bishop thought it good, and laughed like a boy; and complimented the taste of the artist who designed those pictures on the wall; they were very suggestive, he thought, and indicative of the lofty and pure aims of this association of noble and high-minded women. There was a volume in those representations of Science, Art, and Labor, bringing their contributions to the world's advancement. He would like to belong to that club. Mrs. Airy looked at the prelate archly, and shook her finger.

"And Bishop, I wish to enter my little protest against the doings of Mr. Impey. He has induced my daughter to help him in his work, and is, I fear, having a great deal of influence over her. She reads on Monday evenings to a room full of boys; and the motto on their banner reads, "The world is my country; to do good is my religion,"—an invention of Impey's, no doubt. I don't believe there is such a verse in the Bible; I never saw it."

Ai shook with uncontrollable laughter; and then said a good word for Impey. He asked how the young couple were getting on in their new

home, and added a few pleasant words as Mrs. Airy swept out of the room.

The man who sometimes acted as his secretary, next claimed his attention. Ai's capacity for work has already been alluded to. He expected others to work as well.

"I want you," said he, "to draw up for me a report of the parochial schools of the diocese, the number of pupils, the nature of instruction given, the progress attained, and a comparison with the municipal schools, with such other facts as may seem useful; and you will kindly bring me the report *this evening*."

The man was stupefied, and looked pleadingly up into the face of the bishop. There were fully one hundred schools with perhaps ten thousand pupils, scattered over a wide area. Seeing his embarrassment, Ai added, "Well, I ask perhaps too much; bring me the report *to-morrow*."

There were two others waiting to see the bishop. Esther had a piece of good news. A poor sailor's wrongs had been redressed. The case had been pending for two years, but a victorious decision had just been handed down. It had cost Esther and her friends a pretty penny, but they thought it was the triumph of a just cause that must be looked at. The poor man, it is true, had died in the meantime, but justice had been done.

"How long did you say it had been pending?"

"Two years. He made twenty voyages in the meantime; looked after the case every time he came into port; and died at sea, without learning that justice had been done him."

"How many cases have you had?" asked Ai.

"This is the only one."

"Then do not undertake another. Your sweet unshaken faith is priceless. Don't take risks at a game where you may lose."

Esther looked a little dubious, and left with a thought running through her mind.

Then came a man with a grievance,—a tale of a church quarrel. Ai's heart sank within him. Nothing saddened him so much as this sinning of persons of otherwise blameless lives, who join church quarrels, which enlist the fiercest passions, and arm for wordy warfare men and women who in their daily ways are quiet, peaceable, and kind. The desecration of sacred interests is nothing compared with the question of victory.

"My good man," said Ai, "in patience and meekness will be your strength. We must not contend. We must make church quarrels unpopular, and brand as unworthy all who engage in them. The world is becoming kinder, and less bitter;

and church quarrels are not a part of the kingdom of good-will."

So Ai would counsel, and would even go to those who were mostly aggrieved, and would pour oil upon the troubled waters. He never had any outbreak or any public settlement of petty spites, as he said he found these quarrels invariably to be.

Following was a gentleman whom he did not know, but who introduced himself as Mr. Midas, and was at once recognized as a prosperous merchant. He wanted the bishop's advice with regard to an outing and dinner he proposed giving to the poor on Labor Day. He had heard the district was largely tenanted by the poor. The bishop looked him over as he told of his plans, and made a mental note of his man. He stirred the fire, and then sat down on the other side, and encouraged the man to speak. He was a talkative person, and went on without stopping, and Ai was a good listener. The bishop then went over and closed the window, and had a view of the back of his head, and then sat down. But he soon got up again, and stood with his back to the fire and got a full view of the man's face. This man was not a subject for office treatment, and needed skillful management. These slums were moral pestholes, Mr. Midas believed, and it re-

quired a good deal of courage to live here, he thought, and the bishop deserved credit for his pains in trying to elevate the degraded poor; but he thought it almost useless, and a thankless work. They were of no benefit to anybody, and he believed in letting the matter take its course, and in allowing the weaklings to die out. Still, he was willing to contribute his share to any philanthropy, and he had come to see about that very thing, and wanted the bishop's suggestions as to the Labor Day airing and the feast. It must do them a little good, anyway.

The bishop opened the window again, and then asked Midas whether he had ever seen the neighborhood,—perhaps he would like to walk out. They walked out arm in arm and had some difficulty in keeping together; the crowds were filling the pavements on their way home from work. "These streets seem to need drainage," said the merchant as he leaped a pool. They turned into a narrow street and witnessed a quarrel between two teamsters who had come in from opposite directions; the street being only wide enough for one wagon. It served also as a drain and was very filthy. One of the teamsters nodded to the merchant; he had driven that way to get a lunch and also to deliver a package. He lived there. As they passed up the street they saw the teamster's

door, and noticed a thin woman with a babe that seemed sick. They were the teamster's wife and child. There was a pool of soapy water before the door and a small boy was fishing in it. At the corner they met a pale girl with refined features who boarded in the street, and as she passed she bowed to the merchant. Farther down they turned into a similar narrow street and the merchant bowed to two men who sat on their door-steps, and who were neatly clad like business-men. They had just gotten home and seemed surprised to see the merchant. Through an open door he saw a little girl who came to the door with a pitcher, and then went back again and told the mother, who also came to the door to see the bishop and the man. As they passed out of the street they looked back and saw a row of heads protruding from the windows and doors, gazing in wonder at the two men. Turning into a little court they saw an elderly woman, with gray, well-kept hair and neat dress, who was opening a door with a latch key.

The merchant bowed and the woman smiled. Just then an awkward man with black hands came along and let himself in at the next door but one. He also seemed to know the merchant. Ai thought he knew the neighborhood well, but

the merchant seemed to know everybody too; and he began to think about the matter.

"Have these people lived here long, these to whom I have spoken, I mean?"

"As long as I have been here," replied Ai. "You seem to recognize some of them."

"Yes," replied the merchant confusedly.

"They are all poor people," continued Ai, "working at miserably low wages, and trying in all sorts of ways to eke out a living. They crowd into small houses to meet the rents, and take boarders to make up the loss coming through sick bread-winners. The children who ought to be at school, are cash-girls and errand-boys; and the aged go out regularly to toil, long past the time when work should cease and a pension begin."

"They seem to be quite respectable too; their door-knobs are bright and windows clean," said the merchant.

"Yes," answered Ai, "you will be surprised to see the respectability that you will find in some of these streets.

"In a court within a court, lives a refined man with his lovely wife and child, who are trying to keep clean there, and find it hard indeed, but they cannot better themselves with the low wages he is receiving. They keep up a respectable appearance as to dress, for business purposes, but it makes

my heart ache to see them wade those gutters to their home. The struggles of the respectable poor, in the midst of such surroundings, is one of the pathetic things in life. There are some who love dirt and seem to be born to it; but the tragedies of life are seen in these refined and sensitive souls who are crowded to the wall and move into such quarters, who yet cling to some thread of hope, and are marked by their dress, some bright door-knob, or curtained window, close by the pool of filth, and neighbors to the coarsest of human kind. There is a strong belief among them that there will come a day of judgment; and to me there seems a fitness in the thought. Some one will be called to account for this state of things, and there will be an evening up some day. So these poor people think, and it gives them hope."

"But you do not believe in an equal distribution of wealth, do you?" timidly asked the merchant.

"It is scarcely necessary to go so far in our consideration," replied Ai.

"These people are capable of making a very little go a great way,—that is evident; but when they lack that little, there is a great injustice somewhere; they ought at least have the necessaries of life, not to speak of luxuries." The tall merchant looked thoughtfully down upon the little

man. "You see here," continued Ai, "the pillars of our commercial and industrial world,—the men who build our railroads, manufacture goods and sell them; in fact every useful work is supported and upheld by these little props which find their base deep down in these wretched streets and courts. We ought to see to it that it is solid ground and not mud into which these props are sunk."

They then went through a few more streets and courts on their way back to the bishop's house. "There are plenty of poor, you see, who will no doubt be glad for the outing, and when you get ready, send the tickets to me and I will distribute them."

The merchant fingered a paper-cutter nervously, and said he had not yet completed all the arrangements, and he would come and see the bishop again about it; and then arose to go. On the way out they went through a room which had just been enlarged. Here the bishop taught boys the first use of simple tools. With the help of these boys he had made most of the simple furniture of his room. "It is a great thing to have boys learn trades; and it is sometimes a little thing that turns a boy from a life of vagabondage to a trade, that will yield him a livelihood. Many a young man hails me from a scaffold or roof, who learned to

drive his first nail in this room. Such matters are worth our attention. We must learn to hit the nail on the head every time," roguishly added the bishop. They had reached the corner of the street, to which the bishop had accompanied the merchant, when Midas turned, and laying his hand on the little bishop's shoulder, paused for a time, and then slowly said, "You have hit the nail squarely this time." The bishop knew what he had aimed at when he first met this man, and he saw that he had accomplished his object.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Day of Judgment.

The age is dull and mean. Men creep,
Not walk: with blood too pale and tame
To pay the debt they owe to shame;
Buy cheap, sell dear; eat, drink, and sleep,
Down pillowed, deaf to moaning want;
Pay tithes for soul-insurance; keep
Six days to Mammon, one to Cant.

—*Whittier.*

The next morning Midas the merchant was early at his place of business. The clerks soon began to arrive, and he stood by the door where a man checked them off as they passed in. Almost the first to arrive were two women who had been seen

in the narrow street, the old woman with fine gray hair and the girl with refined features. Then followed a number of people whose names the merchant did not know, nor where they lived. His time-keeper, however, knew. Then came another group, and the little girl who had carried a pitcher was recognized; she was one of the cash-girls. There were a number of cash-girls; they all looked alike, all had the same pinched features, and he wondered whether they came from similar streets. Then a few men clerks were checked off, and two of them had been seen the evening before at their doors. These men all seemed to have one marked appearance, an indefinable look of disappointment and quiet submissiveness to a crushing fate. Where did these men live; did they all come from similar streets and houses? Still they came; and the merchant had a thoughtful look as he stood chained to the spot, closely scanning each face, and making his mental notes. He saw the last girl checked off and then asked how many were employed, all told. There were just one hundred.

He took his morning paper and went to his cozy office in the rear, which opened out upon a bright little grass plot, which he took pride in keeping closely clipped with a sharp mower. It gave him exercise and he loved to cut it clean and close. He seemed to apply to the yard the same princi-

ples he carried out in his business. He looked out, but felt nervous, and turned his chair and leaned both elbows on his desk.

The words of the bishop were troubling him. He thought of these props and pillars, and saw how they were sunk in mud. He had seen one hundred persons file past him, not one of whom could be spared, anyone of whom could cause disturbance and shake the whole house should he be absent or fail in his duty. The woman with gray hair had held up the millinery department for twenty years; and he had made a little fortune from that department alone. One of those men had served ten years,—the best years of his life; and he could not be spared, even should he demand twice the sum he was getting. Then he thought of the mud in which these props were resting. He wondered whether it was sound business policy to pinch the workers, when they might do better work if they were more easy in their circumstances. He went over the whole ground of business follies that were daily enacted. He acted wisely with his horses, which were kept fat and strong that they might do better work. Finer teams than his could not be seen on the street; and he took especial pride in outdoing the firm across the way, whose poorly fed animals looked over at his with pitiful horse envy, as the

wagons were being loaded. Then he thought of the pinched faces of the cash-girls, and of the uncomplaining clerks in their threadbare dress. His brain was on fire, and he walked out and sat in a red arm-chair, and looked at the closely cropped grass-plot. "That is just what I am doing," thought he. He had cropped every man, woman, and child, down to the lowest point; and they were driven to their wretched streets. These pillars were sunk in mud, and he was building up for himself a fortune, high above these foundations.

Just then a young girl wished to see the head of the firm. He saw her, and then returned to his seat. That girl might have been hired for wages lower than he was paying. It was necessity that forced her to sell so cheaply. That was just it; he took advantage of men's necessities, and thoughts of righteous dealing never entered into his business code. The ship was on fire, and sinking,—why not take their all, which the wretched beings were willing to give, if he should float alongside and rescue them. Not a thought of humanity prompted him to take a single man on board unless he gave all, as in his necessity he would do.

Then he thought of the outing, and he laughed bitterly at the thought. "I practice injustice all

the year round, and then try to wipe out the score by an excursion or a Christmas turkey," he muttered as he folded his hands and turned his face thoughtfully toward the fish-pond. He saw himself reflected in the water, and he immediately turned his chair. He then went into the office and got the books. The addresses were all the same—little streets of which he had never heard.

A few were on principal streets, but in boarding-houses, he knew, packed to the roof, where strict economy was a ruling necessity. He then ran down the list of names—these pillars of his business; he had made a fortune, and by no other way than by resting on these props. Every man had as much brain as he had, and many exercised more energy than he did. There were one hundred and one—the clerk had made a mistake. The man who cropped the grass close noticed a mistake. He then recollected that one had died, and that made one hundred. The clerk was after all worthy of his business respect.

Then he went into the accounts.

How much did the house clear above all expenses,—absolutely clear for his purse?

Seventy-five dollars a day; this was the average for three years back. He then closed his eyes for a long time, and seemed to be asleep.

He arose and walked the floor. He resolved to

reserve twenty-five dollars a day for himself, and to distribute the remaining fifty dollars, every day, evenly, among one hundred people—the people who brought him this income. He had intended to spend fifty dollars upon a feast for one hundred persons; but why not do this every day, he thought; and why not give it to the persons themselves, and let each one spend it in his own way. There was no question as to his ability; the books and his investments showed that. He was able and he was also willing. He would have one grand daily distribution all the year round. It would be one continuous Christmas cheer all the year through. He walked into the garden in an exalted state of mind. He saw a happy beaming face reflected in the pond; and sat down and cried with nervous excitement.

Then he stopped suddenly, and thought for a moment whether this was not folly, whether it was not unbusiness-like. These people had not asked it; they were willing; he forced nobody; they rather were obliged to him for giving them positions. Were his resolves based upon a sound commercial policy, and did anyone else do it?

He ran over in his mind the rows of business houses; but in none of them was this thing done; and his resolves for a daily distribution of fifty

dollars to one hundred persons, who brought him this gain, were knocked out of his brain.

As he sat down in his red chair, he again saw his likeness in the smooth surface of the pond; he then arraigned himself before himself. That was the man in his private life; here sat the business man in this red chair. The private man was kind, upright, just, a model father, and a supporter of religion and charities. The business man took more than he needed. The business man took advantage of men's necessities. The business man kept the earnings of others. The business man subscribed to charities and paid them out of these withheld earnings. The business man knew nothing of the condition of the props of his business. Here was a man with *two moralities*—one for private life and one for business purposes. But he noticed that when he moved in his chair the man in the pond moved also. The little fishes in the pond seemed to touch the man in his private life, and the turtle was creeping under his long beard. It gave him an unpleasant sensation. Possibly after all they were one and the same person. Possibly he was playing a part. Was it when at home, or was it while at business? Which was the actor and which was the real man? When was he his own, true, and highest self? He buried his face in his

hands and tried to turn his chair, but he seemed petrified and found himself again looking into the pond. The bishop was right; there would come a day of judgment; perhaps it had already come to him.

Then he thought of the cheer the feast would give to the families of the poor; and close following came the vision of a perennial feast; and he again saw the reflection of a happy face.

He then went into another calculation. One hundred times fifty cents a day would amount to a goodly sum in a few years. He might endow a bed in a home, or even build a whole asylum. Would not that be commendable? If he saved this fifty cents which the girl had not asked, he could do this charitable deed. "But," said he, as he caught in the water the look of a serious face, "If I give the little girl her fifty cents now, she will not become a magdalen. If I give now, I need not do so hereafter; and then also there will be the saving of womanhood." But the business aspect of the matter obtruded itself most persistently. No one else did it, he thought; and how would it be viewed by the common sense of the business world? This thought pinned him to his chair,—a shrivelled object of pitiful misery. Here was a strange psychological subject,—a man who was willing to give the difference between

twenty-five and seventy-five dollars every day to his business props, but who dreaded to have his friends know it. This dread was not born of modesty, nor of humility, but of a proud fear of being thought unbusiness-like. He fell, from sheer exhaustion, into a deep sleep,—how long he knew not; and when he arose he saw the blood-shot eyes and pale face of a sick man.

He arose and went to the bishop. Ai was not in his room, he was in the Church; and Midas went there, and found him after service, still robed in his purple cassock, with the silver cord, from which the diamonds had been taken.

The afternoon sun, shining through the stained window, made unusually clear the picture of the Nazarene, bearing a heavy cross; and in this light they talked earnestly and long. When they left the Church, the bishop was heard to say, "We ought to be generous, but we must be *just*. Generosity cannot take the place of justice. Justice is what this great hungry world is aching for; and when the simple lesson of justice has been learned, there will be no necessity for that which now passes for generosity."

At the end of the week, Midas ordered that each of the one hundred employees should have an extra fifty cents per day put into the envelope; and this conscientious business man for a long

time went through little by-streets to and from his business, and crept into his office by a back door, afraid of meeting the business kings of the city. He, however, lived his own quiet life of just doing. He had intended to build a church in memory of a departed one; but Ai said he would rather see fifty houses erected on a side street, now covered with rookeries; these homes should become the sources of sweet and helpful influences toward a rational, sane, and just living.

The politicians said, look after the primaries. The homes, Ai said, were the primaries which all good citizens must look after if there was to be a pure and high order of society. Within twenty-four hours, Enid Burr was at work drawing plans for fifty tenements.

CHAPTER XXIII.

READ.

What do you read, my lord?
Words, words, words!—*Shakespeare.*

1.—Panatipataweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

2.—Adinnadanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

3.—Abrahmachariyaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

4.—Musawadaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

5.—Surameraya majjapamadatthanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

6.—Wikalabhojanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

7.—Nachagitawaditawisukadassanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

8.—Malagandhawilepanadharanamandanawibhusanattanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

9.—Uch'hasayanamahasayanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

10.—Jataruparajatapatiggahanaweramanisikkhapadangsamadiyami.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Conception of the Truth.

God sends His teachers unto every age, to every clime, and every race of man, with revelations fitted to their growth and shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth into the selfish rule of one sole race; therefore each form of worship that hath swayed the life of man, and given it for a creed the master key of knowledge, reverence, infolds some germs of goodness and of right.—*Lowell.*

While Esther was devoting herself to the interests of the sailor, and Enid was drawing plans for the tenements, and Ai was bringing men of different planes into sympathetic relations, it seemed to be the work of Impey to make men see that truth is many-sided, and that the little rills flow from many and opposite mountain-sides, and joining, form one broad river of truth. "Do not try to sail on the little rill," he said to his lady patrons as they waited. Impey's work grew daily more into popular favor,—no one made shoes like Impey, and no one talked like him. The Reviews were regularly read, and their contents given freely, in a digested form, to all who applied; and the room at number 3 Chancery Lane was always crowded about the tenth day of the month.

His work at the church he had purchased became a force in the community. He opened a kindergarten for very small children, and a read-

ing room to compete with the drinking saloons of the neighborhood. In the evening he met various classes, who pursued different lines of study. Adaptation to the wants of the times was a ruling idea, and it colored all his methods of work. There were men of noble impulses who found little to attract in the prevailing forms of religion, and in the creeds as commonly interpreted. These forces, he thought, ought to be gathered; and so he hung out on a board, one day, the following statement:—

> A purer, higher form of Christianity is needed, such as will approve itself to men of profound thinking and feeling, as the real spring and most efficacious instrument of moral elevation, moral power, and disinterested love.

This attracted wide attention, and there gathered a representative class of men—college professors, physicians, writers, scientists, and a thoughtful class of working men. They had long ago ceased going to the churches, because of the unreasonable things they heard, and because there was a total lack of scientific treatment of the most interesting subject that commanded the attention of thoughtful men; namely, the morals of the world. Here they seemed to see a platform wide enough

to meet upon, where they would be permitted to investigate Christianity. There was a higher form of Christianity, which would imply that there was also a lower. Impey called this lower form, a Christianity with accretions; and he tried to find which was pure, and which was alloy among the metals. His mind was free and open,—not antagonistic to any truth, but receptive, and willing to take in light, no matter from what source. One day he pasted upon the board these ten commandments.

—And as you are a person of considerable learning, you will please turn back to the twenty-third chapter and follow in the original:—

1. Thou shalt not kill.
2. Thou shalt not steal.
3. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
4. Thou shalt not lie.
5. Thou shalt not be drunken.
6. Thou shalt not eat to excess.
7. Thou shalt not be frivolous.
8. Thou shalt not be vain.
9. Thou shalt not vaunt thyself.
10. Thou shalt not be avaricious.

—Come and let us consider these teachings of BUDDHA, and see what truths they contain that will aid us to live a life of true justice.

The effect was marvellous. The church was filled, and Impey spoke on these four points:—

1. In these teachings of Buddha, you are disillusioned of the thought that any one religion has a monopoly of truth.
2. In these teachings of Buddha, you have a very old religion. It existed at least six hundred years before Jesus was born. Thirty generations lived and died in this light. Where are they?
3. While nine of these commandments of Buddha are reflected in Christianity, and undoubtedly shaped it; the fifth commandment marks Buddhism as the superior of the two religions. Christianity undoubtedly approves of the use of intoxicating liquors.
4. We must seek the truth and let it shape our conduct,—no matter from what source it comes.

For one month Buddhism became the ruling idea. Those who did not know Impey, said the church was converted into a Buddhist temple, and that Impey was a Buddhist priest. They visited his room, where they were informed that Buddhism never had priests,—every man was his own priest. There was an order of monks, which was simply a class who adopted these rules of life, especially the last five. The first five were for general observance.

The effect was good. It broadened the narrow-minded. They saw that high moral teaching came from some very unexpected sources.

The next month he covered the teachings of Buddha with these words:—

Blessed are the poor in spirit.
Blessed are the forlorn.
Blessed are the meek.
Blessed are they which seek the right.
Blessed are the merciful.
Blessed are the pure-hearted.
Blessed are the peace-makers.
Blessed are the misunderstood.
Blessed are the reviled.

This brought out still greater numbers. Some thought it an expansion of Buddhism.

"No," said Impey, "this is the teaching of Jesus,—in my estimation a very much-forgotten man.

"The Christian religion is quite old, and contains many truths. No doubt you have also heard many things attributed to Jesus which he never taught,—base slanders, propagated to-day by mistaken persons in their zeal, which is not according to knowledge. We must separate the accretions from the real teachings of the man. You will know the truth by its reasonableness. I have an idea that his enemies made him say and do, in books, many things, merely to bring him into re-

proach, and to make this lovely character appear unlovely and unreasonable. I believe it was an enemy, for instance, who would have it appear that he encouraged the use of intoxicating liquors. I believe Jesus was as high-minded as Buddha in that respect, and that he would not suffer himself to lose by camparison with Buddha.

"We must rescue this much slandered name, and his religion, and not suffer them to be held in contempt by thoughtful men. Many of you have turned away from Christian teaching, simply because you have been misinformed. It is one of the great religions of the world, and is worthy of your most careful consideration.

"Let us get to the bottom of this matter, and see who this Jesus really was, and what he taught. I believe if Jesus were to appear to-day, he would drive from their pulpits, with a whip, many who teach in his name. Some he would excuse because of their youth, they never having really thought, but merely with good intentions, followed in well-trodden paths, because conventional."

This forever cleared up the question whether or not Impey was on the side of Christianity. It was the accretions which he rejected. It was the pure teaching of Jesus which he upheld. It was the caricaturing of this man, by professed followers, in their daily practice, that saddened his heart.

The next month he pasted over everything, these seven planks of a platform upon which many could perhaps unite :—

1. The Fatherhood of God, who is the most uplifting life of all things.

2. The brotherhood of man, for sympathy and service.

3. The ceaseless development and advance of the human race by struggle and possession, sorrow and joy, death and life.

4. The establishment of the kingdom of heaven everywhere upon earth.

5. The unreserved recognition of the secular world as containing all sacred things.

6. The unceasing inspiration of man by God.

7. The constant communion of kindred spirits in and between the unseen and the seen.

—Let us assimilate what is reasonable, and then climb to other heights.

And thus, Impey maintained, he let in the light. He sought to let out the light as well, by welcoming to his pulpit anyone who had a message,—each man to be his own judge of the truth. Such an array of educators, scientists, authors, and experts

in various walks of life, have rarely been heard, except in Impey's church. One day he invited a noted Ritualist to deliver his truth. "Would you let me speak," asked the man in surprise, "would you let me teach anything I wish?"

"Anything you wish; and you may convert all of them if you can. If you have truth on your lips it ought to prevail,—this is what we are seeking; if it is error,—it will sink to the bottom and will be lost, as it ought."

He established active agencies for the changing of conditions. One of his most favorite activities was to aid and promote emigration from the crowded city to the unoccupied lands of the western states. He was constantly sending boys and girls to homes in the country, through the Children's Aid Society, which Mrs. Airy had brought to his notice, and which he ardently supported. But how did Impey's Church succeed? Did it grow? To those who were looking for some strong, dense organization to spring up and pack itself around its central head, he used to say, "The cool and sparkling spring gives out its waters, and grows no larger by its liberality of a hundred years; but the pool which receives and never gives, becomes broad and deep, but also foul and rotten."

Nothing pleased him so much as to see men

drink of these waters, and then go out and enliven the churches, and the homes, and the communities. "This is a well of water springing up and making everlasting life," he said. In Impey's church lay the secret that has for half a century been undermining superstition, sectarian narrowness, theological cant, and churchly inertia.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set.—*Proverbs.*

THERE was one thing that gave the bishop more trouble, and caused him more vexation of spirit, than all his other responsibilities combined. It was what he was pleased to term the defections of the churches. One day he quietly slipped into Old Union Church, so quaintly nestled among the business houses on Fourth Street, where it has been doing its peculiar work for a long term of years. It came near a defection, but the bishop saved it. It was at the close of one of the noonday services, that a business meeting of the congregation was called, and the question of removal discussed. An Electrical Supply Company had

offered a tempting sum for the place, and the question of a removal to the North-west, where the people had gone, was contemplated. A stranger got up and spoke earnestly, but not long. He pictured the masses of the poor living around the Church, in the courts and alleys, and then closed with a graphic description of these dead masses who needed electrifying to turn them into bright lights and useful powers in the life of the community, but the force must be generated here at Old Union.

He ceased speaking, old men turned around and eyed the stranger with suspicion, but all were won by his enthusiasm and convinced by his logic. No one knew this man, but his words were needed and they prevailed. The stranger disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, and Old Union Church remained. There was nothing official about the matter, only the interest of a member of society, who loved to see all forces at work, aiding in their own way, the general advancement of the world.

It was also about that time that the Church of the Covenant on Filbert Street, had an offer from an express company for its edifice. The company's horses needed stabling, and the church seemed a convenient place, so a handsome offer was made to these men, who, many years before,

had formed a solemn covenant, and had consecrated this building to high uses. That also nearly proved a deflection. The bishop, however, came upon the scene. He had a little roll in his pocket, which he termed a plan of attack, and a charge of base. He spread it upon a little table and explained. The building he divided into several stories. On the upper story he had two rows of little rooms arranged along a centre passage way. Some of these rooms were no larger than a horse's stall, and would serve as meeting places for boys. They must be encouraged to unite on some common point of interest. A few rooms were for the use of girls who might want to organize for self-improvement. "These organizations need not necessarily be large in numbers," he said, "only four or five persons perhaps. Let them have an aim. Let this be a centre from which shall flow influences into the world, helpful and electrifying. Do not be afraid of failure. As one little circle has done its work, let it disband, and let its members unite with some other circle on a common interest. This indicates growth and development. Make war upon stagnation. Let nothing fossilize. You will still need a church for preaching, but it will be a great deal smaller than in the past. We will still love talk and oratory, but the social forces will shape and

mould, while oratory and talk will entertain and amuse. Do not obliterate your sanctuary, but pass *through it*, to and from, your active work."

In some such way the bishop reasoned and persuaded, and his counsel prevailed again. The little rooms were kept, and the place soon teemed with life. Boys and girls once more took possession, and there were generated those forces which now go out and help along the common uplifting of the social race.

There came one day to the old place a man who had there received his first enabling impressions as a boy. He had drifted to California when a youth, married, had made a fortune, and now returned to spend that fortune among the youth around the Covenant. He endowed an industrial school, and gives the riches of his personal service in its furtherance.

The little ragamuffins who formerly lounged in the shadows of the railroad sheds, and were led into [illegible] ways, [illegible] refuge for the [illegible] of [illegible] world is the recognition [illegible] covenant sanctuary.

The spirit of [illegible] came in formidable numbers. The temperance [illegible] came to Old Scots' Church, and demanded that sanctuary.

The bishop hung out his transparency a few evenings, and soon crowded the rooms.

He then invited Mrs. Airy to come and see the work. The noises were deafening, and this had its desired effect. Mrs. Airy spread the news among her friends, and an organization of helpers was the result. At then left it in their hands and devoted himself to other work. Trade next made an inroad upon the church at Eleventh and Wood Streets. The bishop again hung out his transparency, and soon had the rooms crowded with boys and girls. "But they are only children," said a wise looking official.

"They will be men some day; give them a chance," was the bishop's reply.

"But they bring you no gold," said another.

"No one brought gold to the Nazarene that I know of, and yet he went on," was the answer.

It grieved him to think that his activities were not for an advance or aggrandizement, but mainly to prevent retreat.

Occasionally, however, even after the most careful vigilance, some church did retreat without his notice. The City Mission felt the hoofs of the horses before he was aware of it. Some one gave as an excuse, that the Church was not adapted to such work. "Then have printed on a board, 'This is a church for the ninety and nine just

persons who need no repentance,'" was his reply. One day he clipped the following advertisement from his paper: "A one story building, can be used for chapel, market-house, or stable. Tasker, above 25th." Those were versatile days. To the faint-hearted he would say, "Look at St. Joseph's; look at St. Mary's,—filled with the poor who are now more dense in the neighborhood than in the days when only one family lived in each spacious house. The church has not ceased to be for all sorts and conditions of men."

And thus the old centres of activity were retained by the shedding of his heart's blood. He fought persistently and bravely three enemies—stagnation, an unwillingness to change the base of operations, and a love for the gilded pot in preference to the expanding and growing oak in it. He conquered the tendencies of the times toward empty fashion and material gain. He made plain the meaning of pastor, which is one who feeds, not one constantly looking to be fed. "The shepherd," said he, "is one who has a crook, and seems to be devoid of a mouth."

CHAPTER XXVI.

At Home.

> The future to come.
> Which unprejudiced men have made more glorious
> Than we can strive to follow.—*George Eliot.*

"William, will you, before you go out, call up Keneseth Israel, and St. Stephen's;—and William, you may also call up the little church across the way,—St. Stephen's may be a little belated, and the sermon at the little church can be wedged in."

Mrs. Airy preferred staying at home; she would toast her feet, and for diversion listen to the telephone. She arrayed herself in her pale pink gown and sank into her wicker chair, the ribbons of which she had changed to pale pink. She was exquisite in her taste, and her friend Enid should notice this, should she come in as she had promised. She wished to hear what the rector of St. Stephen's had to say about the next step in Christianity, and so had the telephone placed close to her chair before a cheerful fire. As she shifted her feet on the fender, she noticed a hole in her pink stocking. She tried to read, but did not get far into the story, when Enid came in. Enid wanted to know where Mrs. Airy got her

stockings; thought the ribbons on the chair matched her dress nicely, and regarded her a paragon of taste. They both went to the telephone. The discourse at the Keneseth Israel was as usual, thoughtful and sympathetic, and touched a living question of the age. The preacher spoke of Jesus as the highest style of man, and Mrs. Airy, who had gotten the tubes mixed, thought she was listening to the son of her old pastor, under whom she had been indoctrinated in the strictest conventional orthodoxy.

When the prayers in Hebrew began, Mrs. Airy broke the connection. She thought that if the time consumed in praying to God, were spent by the clergy in beseeching men to do their duty in life, its ills would find more prompt amelioration. She also wanted to know what language had to do with it anyhow, in speaking to God. Prayer, she thought, was much like making love. The Choctaw chief looks into the soulful eyes of the Japanese maiden, and if he finds favor, they understand each other soon and well enough. The language of love is the same all the world round, and always loses by wording it.

It was not yet time for the discourse at St. Stephen's, so they discussed the little nothings always new to women. Enid had taken off her shoes and was also toasting her feet on the fender.

Twice they listened, but the organ had not yet ceased. Their feet had not yet been blistered, so they put them up again, and Enid thought Mrs. Airy a marvel for matching things, even the skin which shone through that little rent was pink, could scarcely be seen, in fact, so much was it like the color of her stocking.

They might, perhaps, catch the gist of what was being said in the little church across the way, while St. Stephen's was getting ready. This preacher across the way was always brief and to the point; generally condensed his thoughts into about half the time the more thoughtless clergy took. The preacher across the way was very kindly regarded by his regular congregation, and his church phone was coming into general demand. Impey said, that preacher did not drive into his pulpit, a cow and a wagon full of hay, but gave the condensed cream in a compass small enough for the vest pocket. That was the kind of preacher busy men and thoughtful people demanded.

The preacher across the way told his people that he had nothing to say this morning. He had been away on a vacation and had just come home, and had not gotten down to work, and he did not pretend that he had anything to say when he had not. He would not say anything of his own composing, but would read a selection from Emerson, a parable

reported to have been spoken by Jesus, and a story by Hans Christian Andersen. There was a thread of related thought running through these selections, which the congregation would more perfectly see on reading them at their leisure. The two women had some difficulty in hearing, so they found the selections and read them. They marked them, and in the evening read them to the children at bedtime. The children usually went to sleep in church, but they were delighted with the parable and the stories from Andersen, and they wanted more, and would not go to sleep without just one more. They got it, and it left a sanctifying impression upon their minds, such as children ought to carry with them when they enter the land bordering on annihilation.

The pulpit at St. Stephen's this morning, was well-regulated, cool and systematic. There were three stages through which Christianity had passed, the doctrinal, the ecclesiastical, and the experimental; and now the next step would be one that would find its expression in conduct. The question will not be, what is your creed, what the visible form of the organization, or how do you feel; but what is the life? And the circle of Christianity will be so widened as to include these persons of right conduct, who to-day form so large a portion of the unchurched.

There was a stir heard in the congregation. Mrs. Burr said she heard the rustle of silk, as they fidgeted, and even thought she detected the color, —it was not garnet and not exactly olive. A spirited discussion followed, concerning this matter of detecting by telephone the color of silk. The whole was treated by Mrs. Airy as a Munchausen tale.

"By the way," said Enid, turning the conversation, "did you hear of Judge Rue's resignation? This is the fourth time he has resigned. He says the laws are execrable and need revising."

At this juncture, Mr. Airy came in, and surprised the ladies in their stockings. He appeared not to notice, and said the bright morning had brought out the flowers and the most bewitching of costumes. The church seemed to be a conservatory. The ladies of the new family near the pulpit had on the most remarkable silks, which he could not describe.

"There, I told you so," Enid said, indulging in gleeful laughter.

The ladies then told of their discussion, and appealed to Mr. Airy.

Burr, whom Airy had asked home, was brought in, and he explained the scientific phenomenon of detecting the color of silk by telephone. "Science," said he, "is making great strides.

The blind can tell colors by touch, but they can also be detected by the ear. Color is a property affected by texture; as for instance, a finely woven basket looks different from one with larger meshes. A finely woven piece of goods, differs in appearance from one more loosely woven. Hence the blind can feel color. But these different textures also give forth different sounds; as for instance, a fine violin string and a thick one give forth different sounds. Let fall a plank and a splinter, and the sound is different. But as already said, this difference in texture affects color, thus enabling the blind to detect color by touch and also by the ear, and hence by telephone."

As Burr made these statements, he stood before a window looking out upon the lawn, with his back turned squarely to the company and both his hands in his pockets. They looked at one another, and Airy thought he saw the back of the scientist's ears turn very red. It was a victory for Mrs. Burr, who laughed merrily, and Mrs. Airy was satisfied with this lucid scientific statement. The next evening Mrs. Airy was astonishing a few gentlemen by a talk on the wonderful discoveries of science. She told them of the philosophy of detecting the colors of silk by telephone, and the gentlemen thought her a paragon of information.

The Burrs remained to dinner. Mr. Airy thought Judge Rue's resignation was the promise of something wholesome in the way of just laws. He had been elected four times and had sat about four weeks, or a week after each election, when he was called upon to enter sentences so unjust that his righteous soul revolted. He deferred sentence and then resigned, and devoted himself to legislation in favor of more rational and just laws.

Burr then gave an account of a case which he had witnessed. It was an equity case, in which their orators prayed that property be virtually attached until an accounting be made. Here Judge Rue asked them if they had any proof of missing moneys. They had none, but they would probably find proof in the accounting.

"So you wish to project a suit, hoping that something may develop to justify you?"

The judge then handed the papers back, saying, that the days of harassing a man for base ends were over in this court. Up to that day, any man with a purse could file a bill in equity, without the slightest ground, and could put a defendant to great expense and an unlimited amount of annoyance, and by an adroit wording of the bill practically attached the defendant's property. If he was a rival builder, it was perhaps his secret design, to embarrass his rival's property, that he

might sell his own. After this sharp business practice, the petition was withdrawn or if nonsuited, it was of little consequence for him to pay costs, as he had done a fine stroke of business. He had beaten a rival builder. There was no redress for such injustice, and it was done every day to annoy an enemy or harass a rival. The judge had one such case, and his cheeks burned with shame and indignation. He resigned and went to the legislature, and had the equity laws brought into some decent condition. If a man now brought a suit, he was obliged to furnish proof before a grand jury, much as in a criminal case.

"Make your claim and submit your proof in advance," was the judge's advice. "I have no time to help you carry on your petty business schemes by the strong arm of the law."

Mrs. Airy here congratulated Mrs. Burr on the new acquisition. A young journalist had won one of the fairest of the fashionable circle, and the bride had selected one of the colonial houses as her future home. Journalism, however, had been given up for the present, and he was devoting himself to the editing of school-books. His soul was tried by the many things he was obliged to do to make his paper piquant, to compete with the rest. After giving his copy to the printers, he usually went home and slept a troubled sleep, and

in the morning blushed to read his own paper. He never let his wife read it, and could not feel conscious of doing an elevating work, and yet it was just as clean as he could make it, and escape loss, on account of competition.

"I shall never forget," said Mrs. Airy, "the way he arraigned the press last summer. We were stopping in a little village where there was a town pump, in the middle of a square, to which nearly the whole village resorted. Benches were placed under the willows, and it was a meeting place for women, where gossip was indulged in, and slanders and unclean tales were exchanged.

"We found the faces of these simple rustics a study, and their dress was very quaint, so we spent a great deal of time under the willows, near the town pump. Mr. Poe listened to their personal gossip, and said the daily paper took the place of the town pump, and he was really ashamed of his profession. Three old women made themselves the depositories of indecent tales, and then repeated them in all their revolting details. That, thought Poe, was just what the press did, only on a larger scale, and in a systematic, and business-like manner.

"He looked upon this hawking about of indecencies at so much a tale, as a singular work, into which some excellent persons had unwittingly been

betrayed. He had given up a good position on account of his inability to resign his conscience to the situation. He has a charming young wife, and no doubt she will greatly add to the social life of the young people, who are drifting into the older quarter of the city."

"But there is one man you will not get yet," remarked Mr. Airy.

"Who might that be?" asked Mrs. Burr.

"That merchant, a Mr. Midas, I believe, whom the bishop got to build those tenements. He says he will give of his means, and will continue to pay the working people liberally,—a kind of profit-sharing which he has adopted; but he cannot go so far as to live among the poor and do personal work. The bishop, they say, told him that it might be his chief duty to remain where he was, and regenerate the consciences of his friends in business circles. This matter of a social regeneration was a going down, but also a going up; it worked both ways, and it were time, said the bishop, that the fact be recognized. He thinks that if Mr. Midas stays where he is, and walks justly, it may require the highest kind of courage."

"That bishop seems to have a clear conception of how the regeneration is to be brought about," added Burr, "and I agree with him, that the coming hero will be the man who can tell the truth to

the rich, and the test of his greatness will be his ability to make wealth do its duty, as well as poverty. This going *up* into the slums, seems to be, as yet, virgin soil."

"That bishop," added Mrs. Airy, "is really a genius. He has gone down, and now works upward, and really makes some people ashamed of themselves. He has the consummate art of making Mr. Midas feel that the poor people in his employ are the props upon which his business rests, that they have more brain and energy than he has, and that hence they ought to receive an equitable share of these earnings. The bishop has given to the rich old man a new vision of commercial ethics."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Another Day Off.

Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
—*Tennyson.*

There was one comfort in which Ai indulged. His rugs rivalled those of an Oriental prince in profusion and luxuriousness. There was nothing so restful as a couch of a few layers of soft rugs, on

the floor before the fireplace; and it was here that he spent many hours in reading. He had just gotten interested in Hypatia, on one of his Mondays off, when a negro announced himself, whom he at once recognized as the rector of St. Thomas's, on Fifth Street. Ai was especially glad to see him, as he wished to confer with regard to the matter of trades for negro boys. During this conversation, the rector seemed diffident and somewhat absent-minded; his thoughts ran in a different direction, and Ai humored him and tried to draw him out. There was a hesitancy in his speech, but he finally made plain the object of his visit. They contemplated a removal of the Church, somewhere, a little farther west. A business firm had made a handsome offer for the site.

The bishop's heart beat high.

"But I understand," said he, "that the negro population is increasing rather than diminishing in the neighborhood."

"Yes."

"I also understand that their standard of morality is not the highest."

"There is plenty to do."

"What, then, is the difficulty?"

"The trustees thought the Church would succeed better farther west, in a better neighborhood."

"There is no absolute hindrance in the way of

support; only a support to keep up a certain style is wanted. There is also no question as to attendance, only as to attendance of a certain style. There is also no question concerning a large population which needs elevating, and which demands perhaps readjustment and adaptation."

These words were uttered as if he were summing up a case in court. He then gave his decision, and St. Thomas's remained.

"You say the site was wanted for business purposes?"

"Yes, a good offer was made for it."

"Ah, that is the old story over again. Where religion fails, business succeeds. Suppose we throw into our activities as much energy, as much common sense, as business men do into their affairs, and see how we will succeed."

The rector seemed to see the light, and determined to take a new lease of church life. The bishop gave him a promise of aid in various ways, and mapped out a plan of operations.

"Above all," added he, "let us revise our standards of success."

As the man passed out, the rector of the Ascension came in. There was, the bishop thought, the same diffidence, the same hesitancy and nervousness that marked the other man, and his heart sank within him. A smile, however, soon lighted

up the bishop's face, as the rector placed a little bag of gold on the table—a liberal collection for the desolate and oppressed.

After he had gone, At returned to his rugs in a pitiful state of exhaustion. Great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, although the fire was low and the room cold. What vexed him so was the thought that so much of his toil was not in the direction of aggressive work, but merely to prevent retreat. He felt the humiliation, such as a great general would, who spent all his energies in preventing his men from seeking trees. He rolled on the rugs nervously, and tried by reading to calm his agitated mind, but all to no purpose. He then put on his cloak and started out for a walk. At the door he met Impey. The bright, cheerful face was refreshment to his troubled spirit, and he drew him in with both his extended hands. Here there would be no proposal of a removal, he was sure.

Impey had a great deal to report. The boys and girls crowded his rooms, and he had a difficulty in getting helpers, to manage and utilize this material out of which the future fabric of society should be built. There was one thing these informal gatherings of boys and girls for amusement did,—they afforded an opportunity to become acquainted with the other half, and find out their needs. One

could start these children right in many little ways; and the start is everything to the future man. They both lay down on the floor, as they frequently did when alone, but the bishop did not seem to become interested in Impey's story. Ai answered in incoherent monosyllables and seemed absent-minded. In the middle of one of Impey's sentences, Ai broke in—"Now what would you do if you were in my place, and could do as you pleased; the Church of St. Thomas proposes to move?"

Impey thought for a moment, and then answered in measured tones, "I cannot tell what I would do, for I cannot imagine myself in your place. I can only tell you what I will do in my own place."

"What would you do?"

"Not, what would I do, but what will I do. I will buy the Church, if for sale."

The perspiration again appeared on the brow of the bishop. Here was a man not to be trifled with, and he gave a dangerous advantage by giving him the information that the Church might be bought. He arose and paced the floor. He opened the window and washed out the room with a refreshing current of air. He then sat down in his wicker chair. Impey had ceased talking, noticing Ai's disinclination. Ai however, timidly returned

to the subject of St. Thomas's, and tried to frame a question which in his confusion was rather ambiguous.

"What would you do?"

"What do you mean?"

"What would you do?"

"I, do?"

"Yes."

"Nothing."

"But you said you would."

"When?"

"Just now."

"What do you mean?"

"What would you do?"

"Nothing."

"But you said you would."

They then halted for a time and looked each other in the face, and after this pause, Impey recovered himself and said:

"You mean what would I do if I bought it?"

"Yes."

"I would turn it into a Mohammedan mosque," replied Impey.

The bishop turned in his chair.

"There is nothing that will save certain levels of society," continued Impey, "but Islam; and I would turn Mohammedan for the time being, and emphasize the truth, that the sale of intoxi-

cating drink among a people is a calamity, and I would make uncompromising warfare upon drunkenness. I would teach the doctrine of Islam, that drunkenness is a crime. These people are cursed with drink, and we must get at the root of the disease. It is drink that makes them poor, and then because they are poor, they drink. They drink and become incapables; then in their poverty they drink to drown their sorrows. As poverty presses, they drink, and feel a momentary relief from anxious care, but this is followed by a reaction which is met by fresh libations. It is drink that is filling our gutters with the refuse of humankind. And we must meet it by Islam, for Islam alone seems capable of meeting the situation, except perhaps Buddhism. Your compromising Christianity is powerless. Its half-heartedness, if it is correctly represented by its professed propagators, is abortive. Your religion says, 'Do not drink to excess; do not make a beast of yourself,—that would be ungentlemanly, but you may tipple.' You might as well talk of a moderate chastity. Drink is an insidious evil with which you cannot toy; and Islam, with its positive, uncompromising teaching, is the only religion that will save us from this curse. Islam treats drunkenness as a crime, and we must measure up to this standard of the prophet of the one God."

It was quite late when Impey left, and Ai could not sleep. His brain was on fire. He knelt at his priedieu, but said words which his intelligence did not follow. He closed the book and tried to collect his thoughts, his head resting on his folded arms. He must have rested thus for a long time, for when he awoke the taper had burned low in its socket. He went to the alcove and tried to read, but could not. Possibly Impey was right. There was, perhaps, too much compromise, too much half-heartedness, too much tippling, as Impey said. And was it Impey who should lead him to this truth? Was it Islam that should prove the brighter light to lighten their darkness, and was it the panacea for the ills of the besotted community? But what was to be done? If the work should not go on under his guidance, Impey would buy; and Islam would take the crown from Christianity. The thought made Ai's blood run cold.

He then resolved to save the Church, and reorganize the work. He would throw aside conventional plans and methods, and study closely the needs of the people. If it was intemperance that was dragging them down, a modified Mohammedanism must be practised. He resolved to say nothing about it, he would give it no name, but an uncompromising war upon intoxicants must be made to save this people from their besetting sin.

He would have the Church reorganized on a total abstinence basis. He would make this virtue of Islam the ruling idea of the work. He would engraft this twig of Islam upon the tree of Christianity; and nurse it into fruit-bearing. In this secret resolve the bishop found relief, and his troubled spirit became calm. He again lighted the taper on the priedieu, and sought the soothing influence of the prayers; and a strange radiance crept over his face, as if a new ray had been added to the light.

When he awoke in the morning, he found it almost time for his devotions in Church, for which he was already robed in his purple cassock, not having divested himself of it, for he had fallen into a deep sleep from sheer exhaustion of body and brain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Confessional.

No priest ordains it, yet they're forced to sit
Amid deep ashes of their vanished years.
—*Daniel Deronda.*

At the wedding of Esther Airy there met two young people whose fates were there sealed. The

editor of the *Daily Account* had little leisure, his arduous duties claiming his attention. When, however, he claimed a night off and attended the wedding, his die was cast. He thought he would combine a little business with pleasure, and write a column, paying special attention to the antique house and arouse an interest in these almost forgotten landmarks. This proved a serious business.

There was present a cousin of Esther's, a schoolmate, who had organized a few girls at Wellesley, for personal service among the unfortunate, who looked very pretty in her baby-blue Greenaway gown; and the young editor fell a victim to her quaint beauty. They strolled into the spacious hall, made a few common-place remarks about the quaint carvings and arches, and then conversation seemed to flag on account of the deeper interest and feeling that agitated their minds. They were missed first by one, then another, and it was evident that the evening was an event to more than the bridal pair.

The cousins arranged the matter, and it was concluded that the new household should be set up at 723 S. Front Street. This house was very quaint, had a hip roof and other marks of antiquity. There was a good deal of open space surrounding it, and this allowed for spacious and restful

verandas on three sides. The old wood work was preserved as much as possible, especially the fireplaces and cupboards; and with additions here and there, it was made a cozy nest of quaintness. Everything was painted white,—the outside of the house, the wide verandas, all except the roof, which was red. The inside wood-work was also white; the walls were white-washed, rendering the house cheerful, sweet and healthful. Carpets were discarded; rugs here and there taking their places. Quaint little shelves for books were constructed in every corner and conceivable nook. There was no library, but the books were scattered all over the house,—over the doorways, under windows, behind doors, in stairways; even outside on the veranda there was a small rack which was filled for public use. The neighbors were expected to help themselves. A paper rack received all the current magazines, and the community was encouraged to take them and pass them on. This beautiful custom, of sharing with one's neighbors the bright things of life, was fostered here by these young people. Since then, there has been less of storing away, in lofts and closets, the current magazines and papers; and the public rack on the veranda has served in making bright the firesides of many homes. The neighborly feeling grew; and this more than anything else has served

in spreading intelligence into all our social fabric. The white house with its white veranda had a peculiar appropriateness in sheltering this young couple who tried to keep themselves pure. They attracted to themselves a few choice souls, who made an effort to lead an immaculate life in this compromising world. The little circles which gathered there on a summer's evening, told of their peculiar difficulties in daily practice; and this has given it the name of *The Confessional.*

Business men, educators, doctors, workingmen, editors, lawyers,—all trades and professions had their peculiar hindrances to a righteous straight-walking; and on this veranda the confessions were made, frankly, in a simple straight-forward way, and counsel was asked and given.

The editor of the *Daily Account* did not remain editor of that sheet very long after he had moved into this white house. In a corner behind a door, stood a table, upon the table a glass case, which was often pointed to, when John Poe told the story of his peculiar difficulties in living righteously in an editorial room. One evening after Judge Rue had confessed his deflections, Poe told his story.

"There," said he, "lies the story. Come, look at it. I had long been possessed with the thought of purifying the press. I took courage

one day after reading several scathing comments on the immorality of the press, by several noted preachers. I conceived the idea of publishing two editions of the paper; one containing everything, a history of crimes, scandals, hangings and all, and to be distinctly marked as the *Indecent Edition*; the other was to omit scandals, crimes, and the prurient details of law proceedings, and was to be made up especially for family reading, and marked as the *Decent Edition*. Both were sent out for sale, and the public could take their choice."

"How did you succeed with the novel arrangement?" asked the Judge.

Poe sighed and rested his head on his hand, and after a pause said, "A recent *Decent Edition* was left on our hands, and the *Indecent Edition* was all sold. I put the *Decent Edition* under glass, as a specimen of the clean reading which the public does not want. Come and look at it. It was a very small edition too, but even that is nearly all here. I took the trouble to examine the regular list of subscribers, and the clean people took the *Indecent Edition*, and there was only one of the clergy who ordered a change, and that was the bishop. The preachers who administered the scathing rebukes, deploring the condition of our press, all took the *Indecent Edition*; the subscription list showed that. I gave it a fair trial. The

novelty sold the first few issues, but the subsequent numbers were unsold. Yet the difference between the two was slight. The indecencies omitted, did not cover more than half a column a day; the rest of the paper was exactly the same; but the public wanted the indecencies, and the edition that had them was sold. I tried to make the *Indecent Edition* as clean as possible, but there was a sharp competition between the papers, and the publisher told me we must not lose our circulation, but must give the public what it wants. The matter ran on thus for a long time. I was daily handling this filth that was dumped on my desk. I pared down, culled out, omitted here, and smoothed there. My efforts, however, were met by daily visits of the proprietor, who said that the details were the juice of the matter, and to make it piquant I must not make it too bald; other papers would be bought for the details, and we must compete.

"One day he commented on the report of a hanging, which was not, he said, as full as the other papers had it. On comparing the accounts, they were found exactly alike in all details, with the exception of the statement, which I had struck out, that the culprit's tongue hung out, and that it was of a dark purple color. Nothing escaped his eye, and the thought was a constant torture to me while doing my work.

"But the matter came to a crisis on the occasion of a fight between two noted pugilists. The *Daily Account* had a scathing, full length editorial on the day preceding, condemning the brutal affair that was to be, and speaking in a way that reflected credit on clean journalism. Here is a copy of the editorial. I was requested by the proprietor to write it, and he afterward approved of it. This gave me courage, and I hoped good things for the next day. But you can perhaps imagine my consternation, when the reports of the rounds as they were fought came in, and I was requested to publish them in full, with all their horrible and bloody details. The report made three columns of closely printed matter. Here I have it, pinned to the scathing, condemnatory editorial of the day before. There you have the ethics of journalism. That was my last day in the office; and here is the tale, under glass.

"I am doing a little work now on educational text-books, and perhaps the rising generation may be educated to better things: for it is the generation, mark you, that is at fault. I do not despair, however, and believe that a clean press will yet be supported, and that I will see the day when the *Decent Edition* will be bought for the home, and the *Indecent Edition*, if printed at all, will be read in a corner or behind the barn, and hurriedly

put out of sight when anyone appears. When men will deal practically with the matter, and call things by their right names, much will be gained."

"The bishop did a courageous thing the other day, and we need only a few more such men," added Poe.

"That little bishop, they say, is courageous; I never meet him, but should like to," interrupted the judge.

"Yes; they say he sent back a check for $500, which he found in a collection for a Home for Young Girls, a contribution from the publisher of the *Daily Account*. He pinned to the check a few cuttings from that paper, enclosing a note, saying, that such paragraphs discouraged young girls, and drove them to the streets, and filled such Homes with girls who might have been saved to their families and to society, had not these humiliating, personal and distorted details of their lives been published. It subjected them to the taunts of acquaintances, which they sought to escape by a bold plunge into evil ways. Enid Burr had traced out for the bishop a number of cases in a Home, and found that the first step downward was taken after distorted details had been published in the *Daily Account*, which wounded their pride and respect. They felt themselves injured, and be-

came desperate under the weight of this injustice. The bishop told the publisher that $500 did not atone for such a wrong. He called it the price of blood, and he would not even buy with it a potter's field. He said also that the man who gathers up the filth from our streets and cesspools, and loads it into his cart, and takes it out to fertilize the land for the raising of crops, is engaged in an honorable and even a clean business, compared with this business of gathering our social filth, and dumping it down at our doors for a trifling sum a day. The publisher took it very much to heart; for he is really a man of good parts, and well intentioned, and has simply drifted with the tide, and conducts his business according to the prevailing code. The bishop, however, has set him to thinking, and he has sent for me, asking me to take charge of the paper, with sole control of its news. The bishop evidently has stimulated his conscience."

"That is the sort of bishop to have," said the Judge, "and you must bring us together some day;—strange, I never have met him."

They then stepped outside, where there was a refreshing breeze, and Poe remarked, "I understand that there has been another resignation handed in. May we look for new legislation in the direction of a sane code of laws?"

"I would like to get rid of all contact with the courts," replied the Judge, "but it seems my fate to be harassed by these elections—possibly a Nemesis, on account of my past derelictions. I cannot prevent their electing me, and it seems my duty to serve, and to spend the rest of my days in quarreling with the law. This was another scandalous case; and my resignation lay on the table an hour after the report of the Master had been confirmed."

"It was another equity case, then?"

"Yes, another equity; a case of iniquity it ought to be called."

"What are the points?"

"The iniquity consisted in confirming the report, although contrary to the evidence. But a judge can scarcely help himself; the fault lies in the system. The matter stands thus: A judge appoints a Master. The Master makes his report, no matter what, and the judge confirms it always. Is the judge likely to say, that the man of his own appointment has been untrustworthy, and is he so shortsighted as to expose the errors of his selected friend? I have served as judge myself, and as associate judge in this particular case, and the injustices that are done every day from motives of policy and self-interest, and for the purpose of

covering up one's errors, are a scandal to our courts."

"I see," said Poe, "that a judge has peculiar temptations; but has a Master any?"

"There is where a great deal of the trouble lies. A Master is an irresponsible person, only an ordinary lawyer; he is not known in the case, and not held up to public view; his name is not even attached to his report; he signs himself simply, 'The Master.' Here a great safeguard is let down. This unknown man can act from motives of personal feeling, out of friendship to the attorneys on one side or the other; can hide behind vague statements; can make arbitrary decisions in matters of pure opinion; and can indulge in the most narrow reasoning—all in the name of 'The Master,' whom the public does not know. The temptations to injustice are particularly strong on account of the method of appointment,—for no judge will expose the man of his own choosing. The most arbitrary decisions are sometimes rendered, involving large sums of money; but the judge confirms them as a matter of course."

"It does not go before a jury then?"

"No; an equity case is practically decided by one lawyer, unknown to the public, who is practically irresponsible. A jury of twelve men would

be a better guarantee of just dealing. To rebuff a complainant would not encourage the bringing of suits, and what would become of the lawyers without fees? So reasons the Master. The jury would have no such temptations."

"But one of the saddest things connected with the matter," continued the judge, "is the judge's refusal to read the evidence. He frequently could not pass the most elementary examination on the facts of the case he decides. And should he try to understand, there frequently exists the inability to do so, as for instance, in the case of complicated accounts. He relies entirely upon the Master, and confirms all he reports. But suppose the Master does not understand, or does not read the evidence? What then?"

"Do you know of such derelictions of Masters?" inquired Poe.

"I do. I know of a Master who told the attorneys boldly, to their faces, that he would not read the evidence, but asked them what they claimed; and reasoned that if one claimed too much the other would trip him. The issue of the case depended, you see, upon the ability of the lawyers to trip one another. I have seen the most shameful injustices done, and it has made me sick at heart to see the rottenness of our procedures. I resigned a few days ago for the sixth time, and

am going to the legislature to have a law passed to the effect that the judge must submit to an examination to prove that he has *read* the evidence, and that he has *understood* it. Startling as this insinuation may seem, it will strike at the root of the matter. There is not a case of injustice, but there is a suppressed murmur among the attorneys, that the judge did not read the evidence."

"Do you think judges take bribes?"

"Do you mean money?"

"Yes."

"No. That were a blunder. You will not find a bright man so thoughtless as to commit it. Those things are arranged in another way. They give favors for favors received,—not actual money, but that which has a money value. When a judge with a handsome salary is elected, it means that some one has been active to secure him this election. He makes a mental note of it, and being an honorable man, the little affair will not be forgotten. He takes no bribes, no money, he simply draws his salary. He gives no money, he simply appoints a Master who is to receive handsome costs; or he renders arbitrary decisions when questions of opinion are concerned, which has a money value to the litigants, or to the winning attorney."

"How so?"

"A winning attorney makes a reputation, which has a money value. It all comes down to a matter of money—hard cash—no matter by what round-about way you get at the matter."

"It seems that a reformation is necessary," said Poe, who was not a little touched at the frankness of the judge.

"Necessary? I look upon many of our courts, as one huge machinery for legalizing injustice. And the sad feature of it is, that you cannot look for a great change. The farces played in the presence of the woman with the bandage over her eyes, are not seen by her; and no one cares to have her see. That is the reason they keep her bandaged."

"But cannot something be done?" suggested Poe.

"The case is a peculiar one, and makes reform difficult. There are three men who might become reformers, but they are the very persons upon whom you cannot count—the man who has been squeezed, the attorney, and the judge.

"The man who has had an injustice done him in the name of the law, is generally a poor man, —that is the reason he has been squeezed. He had no money, and could not hold out. It was only a matter of holding out. This poor man is so disgusted that he dares not give himself a

thought of lawyers, judges, and the courts. He gets off a car when he finds it will pass the temple of Justice. It is not probable that such a man will enter upon a career as reformer. But even were he willing, he would not be able, without a purse, to work the machinery of the legislature; could not meet the legitimate expenses which such an undertaking would involve.

"Then as to the judges and the lawyers. It is not likely that they will take their bread from themselves, in a philanthropic endeavor, looking for the good of the human race. Unjust and conflicting laws nourish their profession. Justice ought to be an easy and simple matter to obtain; but the ignorant and the poverty-stricken man cannot get it on account of the law, its language and its technicalities. The vagueness of the law makes necessary a lawyer, and this necessitates a lawyer on the other side, and this dispute makes necessary a judge, and his apparent lack of firm ground to stand on, makes necessary a court of appeal, with its arguments and endless delays. The more bungling the machinery and conflicting the laws, the brighter the prospect for a protracted litigation; and all this makes work for the lawyer. Now will a lawyer or a judge spoil all this shuffling when his bread lies in it? Can you look in that direction and hope for a sane system of juris-

prudence? Certainly they are not to be counted as earnest and brilliant reformers."

"These are startling facts, Judge, and this explains the action of the bishop. I heard of another courageous thing he did not long ago. That man, it appears, never does a thing without some good reason, and your story, Judge, throws light on the bishop's act.

"The story runs that he visited a house on business, where was a bright company of pleasant people, enjoying one of those four o'clock teas. He was there entirely by accident, but was invited to take a cup of tea. He sat down and chatted with an acquaintance, but did not drink the tea. It was the home of a successful lawyer whom he had once followed through a case, which was won on a technicality—technically right, but morally infamous, as he said, and which brought in its train an endless amount of trouble and suffering to innocent and helpless persons. He thought of all this as the tea was placed before him, and he refused to drink it because he thought he *smelled blood in it.*"

Footsteps were heard around the corner. "But here comes the bishop," said Poe, "You will have the pleasure of meeting the man. He has been out again through the by-streets, looking up some wrong or abuse, I warrant you."

When the two were presented, the judge looked for a moment as if stunned, and then laughed heartily. The bishop smiled. This requires explanation.

The bishop and the judge had met before. One day they were both walking along the river road in opposite directions. They sat down to rest within a few yards of one another, and the judge took out a cigar. His match went out. He felt for another cigar; he would then walk up to that little old man, offer him a cigar, get a light, and possibly also a little diversion, of which he stood in need. This might also be a man whom he had injured, or whose relatives he had wronged on a technicality, and even a cigar might prove a grain of a reparation. He would make no inquiries; just as likely as not he would hit the mark; for the more he inquired, the more impressed was he with the devastation he had created in his successful career as a lawyer.

"Have a cigar?"

The little old man took it, wrapped it in a piece of newspaper, and put it in his pocket.

"I thank you; I do not smoke myself, but I have friends who do; I hate the smell in my clothes, and the paper protects me. No, I never learnt. I once made a calculation, and found that it has saved me quite a fortune. Not that

I have the fortune, but I should have needed the fortune to keep it up. And yet, I suppose, I handle more cigars than you do. Indeed if I smoked I could only accept as many as I could conveniently use; but as it is, I accept all that are offered, and by far a greater number than any one man could possibly use himself. You see I have so many friends who really depend upon me for their supplies. Smoking is one of the strange habits of life." He then went on relating a series of stories of singular incidents, grouped around cigars, pipes and tobacco pouches, until the judge became a little nervous; for he had all this time been holding his cigar with the end bitten off, expecting to get a match. But this miscarried. He got one from a guard; and then sat down beside the talkative stranger. They watched the water sprinklers. The old man thought the roads well watered; indeed everything seemed to be conducted in the interest of those who drove carriages. He would like to see more shelters erected, so as to have less sprinkling on poor mothers and babies. He one day saw a little child almost drowned in a storm. Less sprinkling on the roads, and less sprinkling on the babies was wanted, he thought.

He also spoke of the want of benches along the river road, and said he could never see the econ-

omy of gathering them up and piling them *outside* the shelters and exposed to the winter storms. At least a few broken-down benches might be left scattered along frequented paths. Did not the Commissioners know that there were suits *pending* all the year round; and did not these men involved in litigations need long walks, even in midwinter, to get away from men and nearer the kindly trees.?

The judge winced; but the turn the conversation had been taking, caused him to move up a little closer; and for several hours he sat listening to the old man's remarks and comments on a wide range of subjects, until his watch reminded him of an engagement. He bade the stranger a good-day, and walked down the river path toward the city. A few minutes afterward, the little old man passed him, riding in a carriage, and he looked out and smiled. The judge had not asked his name, had formed no particular opinion of him, had only been intensely interested in the variety of subjects he had talked about so well. He had been impressed with the rough shoes, the trousers rolled up, and the knotty stick; these things with his bright eyes, his benevolent features, and the fund of information which he launched forth with a lavish prodigality, all were now recalled; and he wondered to whom he had been speaking. He

also recalled that he had sat there for several hours, scarcely uttering a word himself. Oddly enough, he had been entertained by tobacco-pipe stories for half an hour, in which all the great men who smoked and who did not smoke were recounted, and this by a man who never smoked himself, but who never refused a cigar, and who was the source of supply to his friends. A queer man this. He also remembered that he had been led step by step over a wide range of subjects,—literature, politics, the recent discoveries in science, the history of religions, and the great philanthropic questions of the day; that he had gone from stage to stage with ease, had been interested at every turn, had not been bored by undue dogmatism; and that through it all the man had never stopped sufficiently long for the wedging in of a word. The bench had taught him how to listen to the narration of facts; and here he had listened for half a day, had been instructed and fascinated, and had then abandoned this intellectual feast, that he might get his regular dinner. He despised himself. He had not even inquired the man's name. Would he ever meet him again? He walked that way the next day, and the next, and the day following, for a whole week, but did not meet him. He then recollected the coachman; it was Midas's man. This puzzled him still more. How could

this poor man have any connection with Midas? Then those conversations were again recalled, and he was puzzled more than ever. For a few days he thought about the matter, and then it wholly passed out of his mind.

It was this introduction, that brought up the incident of a year ago, which caused the amusement. The judge and the bishop met.

"We have just been confessing our sins to one another," said Poe to the bishop, "and we have concluded that there is little good in us. Our press is unwholesome, and our courts are not sweet."

"These things, taken in connection with the derelictions of the Church," interrupted the bishop, "make the case of us three sad indeed; very sad; and they ought to cause us confusion of face. But I must not reproach you. Upon me rests a great deal of the blame. I have frequently thought of the fact, that about the last one to apply to, to bring about a reform, is the clergyman. He does not seem to be very courageous, or to have any business with practical righteousness. The good women are generally the leaders in social reform. Perhaps it is because evils press hardest in their direction, and they then revolt and lead off. But what a time they do have to get the clergy interested in any live, positive, practical movement for

righteousness. They are so preoccupied,—busy with services and talk, that the women despair."

The judge and the editor listened with astonishment, and the three men walked up and down the veranda, locked arm in arm, and bending their heads low. They could not look each other in the face as they thus mutually confessed their sins.

Here were three brilliant minds, who had tried to be of service to humanity in three of the most helpful of ways. One tried to bring light to the intellect, another sought to satisfy that sense of justice that is native to every heart, and the third sought to be helpful to both, in their high endeavors to promote a brotherhood, founded upon intelligence and justice. But they found their work almost abortive. What ought to have been a source of light, threw only a shadow, and what ought to have satisfied a sense of justice, only proved a grim farce. They turned away from their work, and spoke to one another frankly and freely, but with heaviness of heart. One longed for a fisherman's hut, beyond the reach of railroad and telegraph, where he could hear no news; the other wanted an abode among simple and primitive people who did no wrong, or if they did, who had no machinery to work a double wrong in seeking to redress it.

But there was in their conduct a rich promise of

good. They had made sacrifices and had confessed their sins. There was repentance and the fruit. They had turned their faces toward the city where dwelleth righteousness. The one said, our reading must be clean; the other said, our courts must be just; and the third said, our clergy must act. When three such men, who sincerely say such words, can be found, the outlook for the age is not altogether a hopeless one.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REPARATION.

A pious magistrate! sound his praise throughout
The wondering churches. Who shall henceforth doubt
That the long wished Millennium draweth nigh?
—*Whittier.*

As this bud was ripening for the judgeship, Counselor Rue was known as a specialist. His stronghold was constructed of solid layers of closely cemented technicalities, and he hid within it and defeated justice every time. This was well known; so that when anyone felt that he had no moral right in his case, or firm ethical ground to stand on, he employed Counselor Rue, who would plant himself behind his cold wall of technicalities, and

win every time; and on these lines his business prospered.

When, however, repentance came, there was a clamor for such a judge—one who based himself upon the ethics of the matter. Hence it occurred that he was so often elected; although only to resign when he ran up against walls of technicalities similar to those which had so often sheltered him. He was elected ten times: sat about a week each time, then resigned, and spent the time between the elections in quarreling with the law and enlightening legislators. That was the kind of judge to have, thought the citizens at the polls,—a judge with sensitive nostrils.

It was pitiful to see the various efforts which Judge Rue made toward reparation to persons whom he had done a professional injury. It mattered not whether he had won or lost the case, it was all the same. The very fact that he had prosecuted a case against anyone, was sufficient to satisfy him that he had wronged that man. If he won, very likely it was on a cold technicality—the essence of injustice; if he lost, the winner was really the loser, for he made an opponent fight hard and long, and the pain and suffering caused, and the expense which it involved, left the winner a wreck. Thus he reasoned, and sought out all against whom he had ever con-

ducted cases, and seriously tried to make such reparation as lay in his power. There were, however, some wrongs which could not be atoned for. Money could not do it; time, labor, love, devotion, nothing could undo the wrong that had been done. This was brought home to him one day very forcibly, in a way that cast a gloom over his life.

He was one day making a tour of inspection at the Alms House, of which he had been elected a visitor. As he was passing through the women's ward of the department for the insane, a patient unexpectedly rushed forward and struck him in the face; and seizing him by the hair dragged him to the floor. The keepers came to his assistance, and secured and removed the woman to a cell. She kept up an incessant crying, and charged the judge with having ruined her husband, and with being the cause of the death of her daughter, and also the cause of her being detained where she was. The keepers were taken by surprise, as this patient had hitherto been remarkably mild and tractable; in fact, she had been out on parole, and it was thought she should soon be permanently discharged. But this new development of her mental condition, while it demanded attention, was not uncommon. Patients had those abnormal attacks; indeed, nothing was much of a

surprise in that place. So the judge was assured by the keepers, and was asked to pass the matter over as a freak of the mentally unsound.

The judge, however, was set thinking. He inquired as to the antecedents of this woman, and made careful notes. A few days afterward, he returned and inquired whether it was possible to make arrangements to have this patient treated as a pay patient, with better accommodations, and such comforts as money could provide. He guaranteed to meet all such expenses, and left a sum for any immediate want. In a few days he called again and made further provision. He inquired as to the whereabouts of the husband and the family. He learned that the husband had no settled abode; that several children had died about the time the mother's insanity developed itself, and that the home was broken up.

The husband of this woman had once been a prosperous business man, and had accumulated a little fortune; but had gotten involved in a lawsuit, and had lost all. The bright business man became a wreck. His living was gone; and with want and poverty in his home, he was unable to cope with a long siege of sickness, which took away two children—all he had. The wife's worriments brought on cerebral disease, and she was taken to the Alms House.

The man was located by the judge at a cheap lodging-house, where he was in debt. He had had a situation given him by a former business friend, but his troubles in the courts seemed to have unbalanced his mind, and he lacked capacity to properly fulfill his duties. He, however, was kept in his position until the house changed hands, when he was informed that his services were no longer required. He then had a paper route given him, but he lacked the energy to meet the early morning requirements, and that also came to nothing. He then drifted into selling papers on the streets, to his former business friends. Of all sad things, this was most pitiful, and it cut the judge to the heart. This man, bearing the marks of education and refinement, and known for his past business success and integrity, was now hawking papers, and daily meeting men with whom he had had dealings by check. The judge had often seen him, but now that he knew his history, he was filled with remorse. He would sometimes send boys to buy the whole armful. It was the best he could do, as the man was bitter and revengeful, and had resisted numerous advances which the judge had made.

One day the judge inquired at his lodging place about his rent. He had never fallen behind a great deal, but had a miserable little room, very

close and stuffy, under the roof; which, during the summer, was almost unendurable. The lady who let the room had kindly given him a larger room, on the second floor, which had temporarily become vacant, as was usual in summer, when many of her lodgers left the city. She thought the old man willing, and a good payer when he had the money, and as he gave little trouble around the house, she tried to make him more comfortable in the larger room, as he was far from strong, and the heat caused him much suffering. She did not charge him extra so long as the room was not wanted. After personally learning these facts, the judge left a sum of money for the extra pay, and asked that the man might be allowed to remain. He would always be responsible for this rent, and if she could reduce the sum paid by the old man, without arousing suspicion, he would make up the difference. But she must say nothing of what had passed between them. Winter came, and lodgers filled the house, but the old man remained in his large, comfortable room. Since times were so hard, he could also have the room for half the sum he had been paying. He looked a little bewildered, but after this temporary interest, became stolid. He did not take an interest in anything. He accepted all as a matter of course.

The judge's cautiousness was prudent; for one

day he was told that the old man had been loitering around the gates of the Alms House, and had been inquiring what days the judge visited there. The officials had incautiously told him that the judge had made provision for the wife. This greatly agitated him. "He has ruined me, and now he wishes to take my wife from me by bribes. He is sly; but I will see to that—I will see to that."

The judge followed him one day to the place where he got his meals. A kind, neat Quaker lady said he had been coming there for several months; that he paid, but chose the cheapest, and ate little. The judge asked whether she thought he would eat more if he could pay, and whether she had any way of letting him have more without arousing suspicion, if he should leave the sum to cover such extra expense. From that time on there always was added a cup of coffee or a custard, perhaps, which he had not ordered. He ate voraciously all that was placed before him. This man, who was once so keen to see the relation between an article and the price paid for it, had now ceased to notice anything.

By skillful treatment and change of scene the woman was restored to health. This was brought about by a long journey. She went to Europe as companion to a lady. This lady was really the

attendant employed by the judge. The invalid was paid a little sum to keep up the fiction.

The old man continued on the alert, and resented all overtures,—even refused to sell the judge a paper; and he steeled his heart.

When death came to the woman, a carriage followed at a distance, as the little procession wended its way on foot to the graveyard. After the burial, a man emerged from this carriage and stood by the grave until the diggers had entirely filled it in; he then gave several directions, slipped a few coins into the rough hands of the men, and left as mysteriously as he had come. The same man was afterwards frequently seen entering the cemetery, and sitting by the grave for hours at a time. Such, however, was no unusual occurrence, so the keepers thought nothing of it. They, however, always came near the man, who always had some commission for them, and paid them liberally for keeping well-tended this grave.

One day the old man chanced to enter the cemetery, and met this man giving directions at his wife's grave. The meeting was a terrible one. The old man who had for a year past become quiet in his ways, suddenly burst out into a torrent of imprecations. His eyes flashed, and bulged from his head, and grew blood-shot; his face flushed and every nerve in his body quivered; he drew

himself up to full length and opened and closed his mouth as if speaking, but could not utter an audible word; he gave one long, searching, piercing look into the face of the judge; his eyes seemed to burst and his brain boil; and falling forward, he clasped the judge in a close embrace, dragging him to the grave, where after a few long gasps, the maniac died—holding the judge as in a vise.

The coroner said that both his heart and brain were diseased.

As a matter of formality, the judge was required to sign the document of inquest. He took the pen with a trembling hand, and looking vacantly out of a window, held it for a long time. The coroner reminded him that there were others waiting to sign. He had folded his hands on the paper and become oblivious to his surroundings.

The judge tried to spend his fortune in relieving those whom he had injured. He was lavish when opportunities for reparation opened; but they were few, as those injured were bitter, and resented his advances. It broke his heart.

He died, leaving a considerable estate, which he would gladly have returned to those whom he had involved in litigations. He made a will which read as follows:—

> I give and bequeath $250,000 to the insane asylums (sic) of this city and state. I earned (sic) this money from those who spent their lifetime in lawsuits. This legacy is only a restitution.

When the lawyers got hold of the judge's will, it was thrown into chancery and kept there for two generations. An unmarried lawyer got married, raised a family on the refreshers, and when quite old left the case in the hands of his son. The will was finally overthrown on a technicality. He who had written hundreds of wills which stood, had his own overthrown on a technicality, and the principal was eaten up in costs—a grim, unrelenting Nemesis which followed this man beyond the grave.

CHAPTER XXX.

Concerning Past Days.

Ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place: and say to the poor: Stand thou there or sit here under my footstool.—*James.*

The little reforms which Ai wrought had their little romances. They were not always accom-

plished by design, after careful thought, but a pure accident might suggest an opportunity which he would embrace.

The cosmopolitan congregations of _____ are the result of his work; but this was not brought about by deliberate design or by hard work or persistent effort. He took the tide at the flood, and the work was done.

One day, after he had preached one of his characteristic sermons on man's inhumanity to man, as he was passing out, the sexton handed him a card upon which were written a few lines which he tried to decipher. The sexton, a roguish man, eyed Ai, and then remarked:—"That is quite good, isn't it?"

Ai read it again carefully, and said, "I do not quite understand it."

The sexton then took him aside and explained. This bishop was very approachable and found it advantageous to be on good terms with the sextons of his diocese. It was from that source that he really got his information of the condition of things when the congregations were not on dress parade. He rarely read the parochial reports, but closely questioned the sextons, whom he called the Diocesan Committee on the State of the Church.

They both laughed, and Ai said it was capital.

He appreciated a pleasantry, and this was more than good. He put the card into his pocket, and said with a twinkle in his eye, that it would make a good text next time he came. A few weeks afterwards, Ai asked for this pulpit; for it was his custom not to make periodical visits to the churches for confirmation only; but he asked for opportunities to deliver special messages when they burned within him. The timid messengers who thought a good deal, but lacked the courage to deliver, found this deliciously convenient. Those were the days of bold and pregnant thought and fearless speech. The bold thought was pretty evenly distributed among the clergy, but the fearless speech was mainly uttered through the bishop. The man whose one aim in life was to be safe, would be stirred with some wrong of the times; but prudence would dictate moderation, which generally ended in absolute silence. Why sacrifice himself? It would neither be wise nor right. One owed a duty to oneself and to others. Thus would he reason. So the messenger became dumb, and the message lay neatly folded and undelivered. And yet there was stirring speech, but it came through Ai. The clergy made the bishop the dumping ground for all wrongs and abuses, and put into his ear all schemes of reform with which the times were concerned. They would furnish him

with powder and ball, point out the mark, and then run for a tree. And so it was one of his sayings as he passed from the vestry door, "To-day I have laid my hands upon their heads; next time I come, I will touch their consciences."

Impey thought this especially fine; and he recommended two bishops to every diocese—one for touching the head, and the other for touching the conscience; and when the touching of the conscience should become a serious business, then would the laying on of hands have a significance.

When the promised visit was made, Ai took with him the card, and made it the starting point of his discourse.

The story of the card as told by the sexton, was substantially as follows:—A man who had not been to Church for a long time, finally hearkened to the persuasions of his wife, and decided to go. Arriving at the Church, he found few people in it, and no ushers on hand; so he went up the centre aisle and took possession of a nice pew. Just as the service was about to begin, a pompous-looking old man came in, walked to the door of that pew, and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupant moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally the old man produced a

card, and wrote upon it with pencil, "*I pay for this pew.*"

He gave the card to the strange occupant.

The stranger adjusted his eyeglasses, and with a smile read the card, and then calmly wrote beneath it, "*How much do you pay?*"

To this inquiry the pompous gentleman, still standing, wrote abruptly, "*Two hundred dollars a year sir.*"

The stranger smiled as though pleased, looked around to compare the pew with others, admired its soft cushion and rich furnishings, and wrote back, "*I don't blame you it is well worth it.*" The pompous gentleman at that stage, collapsed into his seat.

The bishop read the card to the congregation, causing no little merriment; and then in his inimitable manner, delivered his truth. The fruits appeared. A few weeks afterwards, two-thirds of the congregation yielded up their rights to pews, and promised an ample support through the offerings. The other pew-holders followed within the year, and that church became the cosmopolitan and all-inclusive institution it is to-day.

CHAPTER XXXI.

An Intellectual Anvil.

But always there is seed being sown, silently and unseen: and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight and labor.—*George Eliot.*

It is a notable fact, that although there had been a close intimacy between Impey and Ai for half a century, Impey had never been to Church, to hear Ai preach. He had spent much time in the bishop's company, revised much of his manuscript, nursed him for weeks in illness, but had never set foot inside his Church. Impey had led little children to the school of the little cathedral, and had distributed at the corners thousands of invitations to its services; but had never gone himself. He sometimes would inveigle workingmen into discussions on Sunday mornings, and then breaking off suddenly would say, "If you wish to hear this very subject discussed, go to the Church on Minster Street this morning, and hear Ai preach; he will treat it ably, I assure you." And thus he had sent many interested listeners, but had never gone himself.

"Why should I go and hear myself preach?" he said to me one day.

"How yourself preach? I don't understand you."

"How?"

"Yes."

"There has not been a sermon from the lips of Ai for years, that I could not have repeated to you three days before it was delivered, in substance, at least."

All this was curious, and Impey told me the following story as we walked up the glen to Belmont, to hear the Gypsy band.

"That bishop has the most consummate faculty of selecting the good ideas lying loose around him, and not only selecting, but reflecting them; and it is that which makes him the forceful man he is. He selects; he reflects; he is a huge mirror. He fills his Church with all sorts and conditions of men, and his power over all comes from his understanding of all. He talks with the bricklayers on the scaffold, stands on platforms with conductors, lingers around shops, and sits with workmen while they take their noonday rest. He learns the modes of thought of each, and their language; and having gathered his material, he comes to me, or rather I go to him; when together we select and trim, arrange and fill out, —in short we hammer out his sermon."

"You! of the little propaganda at Franklin and Wood, help the bishop to preach, did you say?"

"Yes; we hammer out the sermons together; we did that a long time before I knew it; how long, I cannot say. Perhaps you would like to hear how I found him out."

"Found him out, did you say?"

"Yes, found him out; he was sly; but I found him out."

Impey then continued:

"One day a lady was taking me to task for not going to church. I pleasantly asked her how much of the last sermon she remembered. She replied that she remembered a great deal—could not help doing so, her pastor was so interesting. She then went on and recounted the points of a sermon on the cruelties of sport. Up to this time she had not told me who the preacher was: but I interrupted her, and said that it seemed as if Ai might have been that preacher. She seemed surprised and asked how I knew. I did not tell her how we had debated the subject a few days before Ai was to preach in the interest of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A few days afterward, another thing happened. The same lady said that I ought to have heard Ai preach on the destruction of the poor by their poverty. I then remembered that Ai and I had

been comparing notes just a few days before, and had come to the conclusion that every day furnished pitiful instances of the disadvantages under which the poor labored.

"Here were two incidents which gave me light. But the week following, when the lady was about telling me the subject of Ai's last sermon, I anticipated her, and told her not only the subject, but also the method of treatment, and even told her the points upon which he waxed warm, and those upon which he was indifferent. She thought I must have been there to hear him, but I assured her that I had not, and that I never had heard him; which a little perplexed her.

"I was then convinced that I was helping Ai. For years this has been going on. Many a good time have we had on that floor; they have been feasts to us, those evenings. The Church got only the skimmed milk; we had the cream. The Church saw the flash only; the forceful work was done in that room. We were warmed, I assure you, whether others were or not. Preaching,—what a poor thing it is, compared with the preparing to preach. And for one man to prepare his sermons,—what a prosy affair, both to himself and to the congregation. It is when two work out the thought—hammer it out like two at an anvil—that some-

thing can be expected. The people said Ai preached. Ai knew it was Ai and I.

"You ought to feel the luxury of Ai's rugs; a pile of them, each one an inch in thickness, brought from the Orient. We reveled in their softness,—and they might tell their wonderful tales. For years my Thursdays belonged to Ai. After he was safe from intrusion in the evening, we would take off our shoes and coats, blow out the candle, pile wood on the fire, and lie on the rugs, watching the shadows play on the ceiling. He then would ask a question, only a casual one apparently, but it was designedly done, a part of his method to draw me out and make me talk. No one would have thought anything about it, unless he had been in the secret. This was his anvil upon which he forged his addresses. Sometimes he would make an assertion that would naturally arouse dissent; this only to create an interest. There was method in his affected skepticism. He would lead me on by questions and cross-questions, until the whole subject in hand had been gone over, investigated, turned inside out, rearranged, trimmed and polished; and so for several hours,—sometimes until the small hours, —we would forge the lances which he so aptly hurled from his cathedral pulpit. At first, as I said before, I was not aware of his method; but

I learnt it in time. Those were rare seasons. I never missed the Thursday roll on the floor, and many a night have I slept there, after our interchange of thought and talk. And such talk! I have known him to bring down his little fist upon those rugs and send clouds of dust up the chimney. I have seen him kick over a chair, while expressing his contempt at the unchristian things that are done in the name of the Nazarene.

"I once told a friend, the same lady, that I was the preacher, and that Ai was my mouthpiece. She took it all in a spirit of banter. I assured her, it was even so, and I would prove it to her. She then asked me, with a twinkle in her eye, what next Sunday's sermon was to be. I told her, that that had been determined last Thursday."

"'What is it?' she asked dubiously; and I told her."

Here Impey broke off the conversation and we walked a long time without a word. I then asked him what he had told the lady,—what the subject of the sermon had been.

He touched his forehead as if trying to recollect; then repeated slowly:—

"*The Absolute Inerrancy of all Writings that have been Chiseled on Crumbling Stone; Written by the finger of One Who was a Spirit; Penned by Stylus and Quill; and afterward Transcribed*

and Re-transcribed; Translated and Re-translated; Printed and Reprinted; taking the Chances of Centuries of Vicissitudes; Read and Re-read by Men advanced in Every Degree of Learning and Ignorance."

"What!!!"

"That," said Impey, "was the title I suggested to Ai; but he boiled it down, and advertised that he would preach on 'The Inspiration of the Scriptures.'"

"Ai called me his partner; and without me he seemed to be disconcerted, and the work could not go on; and without this hammering Ai never preached. I never parted from him without his asking me whether I could be depended upon next Thursday, *without fail.*"

CHAPTER XXXII.

Reminiscences.

Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.—*Longfellow.*

In analyzing the character of a great man, it is sometimes difficult to fix upon any one particular thing which made him great. The distinguishing mark when found is frequently so small, or so

ordinary, that it is a matter of surprise. The point of excellence will generally be found in the direction of human sympathy. The man was a benefactor to his race, and in this consisted his greatness. No one is remembered fondly who has been selfish or cruel; but one who has been in sympathetic touch with his fellow-men, is enshrined in their hearts.

For half a century Ai lived a quiet life among the people. It was preeminently a sympathetic life among people of all classes. He knew no classes, and scorned a condescending air toward the poor as much as he did a crawling, deferential attitude toward the rich. He knew only the man as his brother and fellow, and sought to be of service as such. These characteristics mark the man.

To influence the individual was one purpose of his life, and he tried to have others act on the same principle; and thus, he maintained, would society be influenced. This can only be done by walking the straight line of integrity, and by a close sympathy with men. He was a great general; but he became so because he knew how to go along the rank and file, knowing each man, and putting himself into sympathetic touch with that man. He never put on his regalia and mounted a pedestal, saying, "See, I am a great man—ac-

knowledge me as such ; " but as he went about in fatigue dress, the people instinctively felt that here was coming a man.

His sympathy for suffering was as keen as was his hatred of folly and shams. In passing along the street he would raise his hat and walk with bowed head when passing a door marked with the sign of affliction. This was not noticed by Impey for a long time, until one winter day. It could not then be on account of the heat, and it occurred always at the door where the sign of death was displayed. Impey made a note of his surmises, and he satisfied himself of their correctness. Here Shoenstein and Ai found common ground, and their sympathies drew them together. The Jew would frequently join Ai in his walks through the quarters tenanted by the poor ; and when passing a door where the sign was white, they would inquire whether they could be of service, even if the people were strangers. Shoenstein would always ask particularly whether the little one was a boy. On stormy winter days the two old men would follow the little processions and stand in the rain and in the snow, and see the last rites performed. The bishop and the Jew walked arm in arm, recalling memories which could not be effaced. The Jew's steps became tottering ; but he would wrap himself in his warm cloak, and stand in the cold wind

and rain, because fifty years ago he had laid away a child,—his little Jacob,—and he remembered the day was snowy and stormy. The two old men would put their arms around one another for support; and after these funerals they would go to the room of the bishop, and the story of little Jacob would be recounted with minuteness, while the bishop would listen, and perhaps touch up the wheels of the little iron locomotive with red paint. The bishop, however, could not be induced to talk. He would only shake his head, and strive to hide his feelings; and an occasional tear would steal upon his cheek and fall upon the toy. For fifty years the locomotive had made its rounds to the sick-rooms of little children, and was painted over many times to make it bright and attractive.

The invalid poor remembered Ai fondly. It was through his influence that the carriages of the prosperous came to be placed at the disposal of the poor, who needed fresh air and a change of scene. Half a century ago, could still be seen a coachman exercising his horses in the Park, with an empty carriage, while invalids were sweltering in courts or close attics. Within the memory of men still living, some lone woman could be seen driving two horses—two horses to pull this one woman. It was after that sermon of Ai's on personal service; and that other sermon on the reign of brotherhood

and the triumph of the kindly heart, that a woman asked for a sphere. He said, "Bring around your carriage; bring it, don't send it." He then gave her several addresses of invalids who would appreciate an airing. The effect was magical. This leader of fashion really did it as a sincere service; but in a few weeks many had taken it up as a fad; and to give rides to invalids became an imperative duty for those who wished to be in the fashion. Most, of course, soon tired, but the sincere kept on, and the matter found a solid base. The carriages did not wait outside the churches, but invalids were taken a turn in the Park until service was over. "There are two services going on; one here, inside; and one there, outside," the bishop said one day. It had its desired effect, and after that he had plenty of carriages placed at his disposal; and thus the beautiful custom grew. One day an amusing incident happened. A kind old lady was riding alone through the Park, reproaching herself on account of her selfishness. The day was fine, and the thoughts of suffering in the homes of the poor pricked her conscience. She would make amends, she thought, and would give that old man, sitting there by the roadside, a pleasant ride. He looked tired and needed it. The old man beat the dust out his trousers, drew his shoes through the grass, and then handing up

his stick, climbed in. The stick was heavy, such as tramps used for carrying their bundles, and it caused her a little uneasiness. The man plunged into the seat beside her, and assumed the air of one who felt at home. He began an incessant chatter, which amused her, after her first fright, and when she noticed his face, she thought she saw the marks of kindness and benevolence. He wiped his face with a dainty white handkerchief, which left a streak on his cheek. He talked of the horses and seemed to know a fine stepper; this pleased the lady, who, in her younger days, had been fond of the turf, and she became quite at ease. Then he talked of the late election; but soon changed the subject and spoke of a recent discovery in science,—the utilizing of the force of the ebb and flow of the tides for manufacturing purposes. He explained the different species of trees; and once ordered the carriage stopped, in order to gather a strange specimen of flower he had noticed by the roadside. He examined it closely, analyzed it, and declared it something new. The lady ordered the coachman a longer way round, that she might get more of this man's talk. Occasionally she would look at the stick, and the dusty shoes, and the streak on his cheek; and then she placed in contrast the dainty handkerchief and the benevolent face, and these things, with all this con-

versation, tended to puzzle her. "It is astonishing," said he, "what some people will do to make a living. They prey upon the passions and baser feelings of men, and excite and encourage them in their exercise, and get their living out of the matter. They actually do this for a living. Then there is another class who get their living by the misfortunes of their fellows. They calculate upon a certain percentage of financial failures, and this brings them a living. They do not cause disaster; they simply calculate upon its happening, and arrange to take advantage of the fact. It is curious to think of the many ways by which men gain a living." This all set the lady wondering what he was driving at,—what he really meant; but before she could ask, he was on the subject of opening the museums and libraries on Sunday. This illustrated the fact that the destruction of the poor was their poverty. The rich man's business goes on while he sees the pictures during the week, and it costs him his admission only; but the laborer must pay his admission and lose his wages besides. The clergy might well ask themselves why their Churches should be closed all week. The lady tried to ask a question, but he wanted to get out at the Girard Avenue Bridge, and walk to Horticultural Hall to meet a celebrated botanist whom he mentioned; so they abruptly parted. The next

day the lady was congratulated on the feast of reason which she must have enjoyed. She had been seen by a number of acquaintances as they passed in their carriages. She then told her interesting story, and wondered who the man could have been; he knew all about horses, talked of politics, and the wonderful and recent discoveries of science, discussed social topics, analyzed a flower, and then left abruptly to meet a great man of science.

"Then you did not know him?" one asked. No; she had found him by the river road and wished to give the poor man a ride.

"That was the bishop, Mrs. Kindheart!"

Al's vacations were the source of a rich fund of information, which he made use of in his work. He knew men and hence could deal with them. "They say the poor man prefers the dram-shop because his sleeping place is so wretched. He sleeps on Park benches because of the discomforts of his home. I will see about this," he said one day. When he took his next vacation, he packed a little bundle in a red handkerchief and went without leaving any address,—he would send a messenger for his letters, and no questions should be asked. He wanted to find out about the homes of the poor in the parishes where the churches were filled with the rich. He first chose the section

frequented by a wandering class of actors, men out of work, discharged convicts, undetected criminals, and a forlorn class of men who had failed in life from one cause or another. He engaged a bed in a cheap lodging house for two days and learnt something about cleanliness Here his bed had not been the cheapest, so he took a cheaper, and the vermin kept him in misery. He next engaged a bed in a room where there were many others, and the noise of the drunken men kept him awake, and the conversation overheard was a revelation. One night the room was occupied by a number of sailors, one of whom stuck up a row of bugs on pins, like soldiers, to the great merriment of the rest. Then the old tars spun wonderful yarns, and recounted their various experiences in lodging houses in different parts of the world. The bishop laughed, and made his contribution of a story. He took his meals at cheap restaurants, and found out what some men live by. He edged up to the street cleaners as they took their rest at noon, and looked into their handkerchiefs as they unrolled them to get their dinners, and he saw what some men live by. He was taken for a *pard* out of work, so they offered to share their dinners. This kind-heartedness of the poor greatly touched him. They gathered pennies along the row and made up the price of a

kettle of beer. When he saw their wretched messes, he could understand why they sought to drown their sorrows.

These experiences gave him a knowledge of men. It appalled him to see the number of respectable broken-down men who had failed in life. He noticed especially the woe-begone, dejected look of men who had been betrayed by friends; men who had endorsed, literally crucified themselves to save others; and then had been cruelly betrayed. He became interested in men who had once been comfortable, but had become involved in litigations. The boarding-houses swarmed with these wrecks, and they struggled along with their careworn heroic wives, trying to keep above the waters. These disasters are borne in silence by those not on Church rolls, but who are on that roll of the heroic. As he sat with these men, munching their cheap food, he would get them to talk, and find out their story. They had each his tale of litigation, sad, shameful records of crime committed by men who frequent the Churches, and who call to their aid the strong arm of the law. He went quite thoroughly into the matter, and was saddened to find the widespread desolation and the broken hearts on every side. He made careful notes, and after listening to a large number of histories told independently of one another, he en-

tered into his note-book one brief sentence—*"When you go to law, fill your purse."*

He met many strange characters during this vacation. One day he got this story from a man. He had a friend in jail serving a sentence of three years for some petty theft. He himself had been partner in the crime, but the convict never betrayed him. This loyalty so affected the man, that he worked hard to support his friend's family, and he had been their only support for a long time. He himself, however, was finally detected and imprisoned, and the poor family, left without support, was thrust into the most distressing poverty. "One is led to doubt," said the bishop, "whether imprisonment for any long term is the proper thing, when such a spirit is displayed. The loyal conduct of both these convicts did not spring from an intrinsically bad heart. It is a question, whether every month after the first, does not tend to degradation. Besides, these men had a theory that they had only taken that which had first been taken from them, in the shape of earnings." The bishop held decided views with regard to sentences of imprisonment. He thought that definite terms of imprisonment were a relic of barbarism, and not seasoned with scientific knowledge, common sense, or humanitarian instincts. Some men sentenced to long terms, were sufficiently punished in

one week; and every additional week served only to degrade, to embitter, and to destroy the man, instead of reforming him; while on the other hand, there are men walking our streets who ought to be under perpetual restraint. He advocated an indefinite term of imprisonment, and the employment of such methods as tended to the reformation of the man. An inflexible machinery will not do this. In discussing these subjects of the treatment of prisoners, he would invariably end by saying, "But all this is something that ought to have been attended to when the boy was in knickerbockers. When we will learn how to start men in life, we need not pay so much attention to the other end."

After vacation he divested himself of his coarse clothing, and met some pleasant people, at Mrs. Airy's. Several bright women recounted their summer experiences at the fashionable resorts. The bishop evaded carefully all questions as to his summer. Once he was asked whether he had had a pleasant time. He replied that he had had a *profitable* time.

He placed himself into close relations with all agencies that tended to alleviate suffering among children. He pitied the man or woman who suffered mentally or physically, but he himself suf-

fered when he saw the sufferings of children and the wrongs done them.

Ai gathered around him a noble class of men, men of affairs as a rule, who did not seek the priesthood as a profession; these he pressed into the service, and ordained. He had some of the formalities revised, so that many who sought, but who had no particular mark of a call, were excluded; while those who betrayed, unconsciously to themselves, a fitness for the work, were ordained, almost against their will. After the usual formal recommendations had been made, he invariably asked the candidates if they could bring a certificate from a group of boys who could not write their names,—the cellar-door recommendation, he called it. In prowling around at night looking after his diocese, he frequently came upon some bright young men in dark corners and doorways of the warehouses, where they, out of pure love for the children, had gathered groups of ragamuffins, and were striving to gain their confidence, and give them helpful thoughts and sympathy. "That is the right kind of Sunday School," he said one Tuesday night, to Shoenstein, whom he caught sitting on a bale of goods with half a dozen boys about him. He was tempted to ordain him to the Christian priesthood on the spot; but he controlled himself, and respected the formalities.

But he did press his hand; and that nervous pressure of the hand, meant more to these incipient priests than the after-ordination, as they termed it. These cellar-door recommendations secured to him the flower of the young men, and the call to the priesthood was put upon a basis that had the ring of genuineness. The way he would scent the self-sufficient young man, the son of some fond mother, perhaps, who sought a respectable calling, was merciless. There were few who were willing to pass under his searching eye. His priests were drawn from the unwilling class who unconsciously were exhibiting the cellar-door recommendations. Any well-connected youth could secure respectable signatures, but only the genuine man could win the respect and sympathies of boys. "How many swearing boys love you?" was a startling question he one day proposed to a candidate. "If they do not love you, perhaps you have not proven yourself a loving brother. Go and love some one."

It was not his custom to make stated and formal visits for confirmation in every parish; this consumed too much time; he had but four such services in the year, to which all candidates were invited. He however visited, informally and unannounced, all the Churches, and thus avoided any dress parade, as he termed these visitation crowds.

He made it a rule to keep on close terms with the sextons, for from that source the information concerning the state of the church could be obtained. He knew by name every sexton of the diocese.

He often spoke to the young of the duty of being kind to animals. He maintained that in making a child really thoughtful and kind at heart, the hardness and cruelties of the man in his relations with his fellow man would pass away. He believed that if the principles of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were thoroughly instilled and carried out to their logical conclusions, the refined cruelties of otherwise decent men would disappear. He encouraged Enid Burr, who headed the Society, and thought it a good thing to instil a consideration for dumb animals, as a sure method of arousing consideration for man. Teach a boy not to starve or torment a rat in a trap, or work a horse without food, or stone a dog just for fun, and he will see the force of it; and there can even be aroused an indignation, when such things are done. When this has been accomplished, and kindness has really become a principle, then carry the matter a step farther, and ask the boy not to be unkind to *any sort of animal*, not even to his fellow man. Tell him that it is wrong to cage a man, that is, take advantage of some unfortunate situation in

which he may be placed, and starve or torment him; tell him that it is wrong to work a man without proper food or housing; tell him it is cruel to break hearts or draw blood by cunning ways of trade, and the orderly proceedings in law courts. Make the boy really kind at heart, so that it becomes a principle—an enthusiasm, and it will become effective, not only in his treatment of dumb creatures; but he will begin to treat humanely his fellow man. He once made the startling statement to Enid Burr, that if the teachings of the Society were thoroughly instilled for two generations, it would turn the law courts into museums; and we would go to them as we would visit a medieval torture chamber, or some room filled with geological fossils; we would have no other use for them, and no one could be found willing to serve in them. Impey agreed with them, and said they must act. So one day Impey bought an armful of books—*Black Beauty*—and stationed himself outside the door of the Law Department of the University, and waited for the dismissal of the class. After he had made his distribution, he kept on standing for a long time with one copy of *Black Beauty* still in his hand.

"All the fellows are out, sir," said a student, kindly.

"Yes; but the professor is still in."

The bishop had a keen scent for merit that was undressed and devoid of the picturesque. "Talk of College Settlements," he said one day; "there is Pastor Unassume and his cultivated college-bred wife and their college-bred daughter, living on a quiet street among the poor, and doing their work, almost unseen and unsung—that is the real Settlement. They are not on the alert for a removal after a few months' residence, but have settled down for a life of continuous service. They are fixtures. It is a settlement of cultivated people among those who need their superior services; and the fact that it is a pastorate, does not alter the fact that they are the most helpful of college-bred people who have settled for a life of service to humanity, and have settled the question that a life of usefulness need not necessarily be picturesque."

"There is just where you have paid your readers a compliment," said Impey to me. "You have not set up a finger-board; you have trusted their intelligence and have not told them *all*, but have left some ground for the imagination to play in. You had no more right to invade this, than had the soldiers to monopolize the boy's skating ground on Boston Common."

"But Impey, a few more details would fill in nicely; can't you give me only a few?" I said.

"No," he replied. "You have indicated the ship with a magnificent rigging; you have turned her prow toward her desired haven; it matters little now about the thousand ripples and tosses—the incidents of the voyage." And so my informer became dumb for awhile and heated his rattler over his lamp. I tried a little persuasion. Then he broke forth excitedly,—"Did you not tell of a woman delicately nurtured, going and living with a serious aim in life? Think of it a moment? Can there be anything but splendid possibilities in such an act?

"Have you not told of a judge stung with remorse, and seeking to make reparation?

"Have you not told of the Covenant and all the rest, remaining and adjusting themselves; serving the community instead of asking the community to serve them; feeding the flock instead of being huge mouths?

"Have you not told of a bishop establishing himself on Minster Street as a centre, and working outward, infecting the whole mass by no other aid than the force of a character fashioned after that of the Nazarene?

"Have you not told of a Jew and Christian arm in arm?

"Have you not told of business men dining at home at noon, bringing their friends with them, regardless of what became of the saloon?

"Have you forgotten the story about Poe?

"Have you not told of Midas by the pond arraigning himself for judgment?

"You have built already to the stars. You have an intelligent circle—trust them; they will fill out such lives. They will analyze men and women with such an aim and facing in such a direction. They will recognize members of a brotherhood who have turned their faces toward righteousness, and who are looking forward to a true justice; and though they move no step, the vision of such faces will inspire.

"You have insidiously slipped into our bosoms the essence of unselfishness; its aroma we cannot hide even if we try."

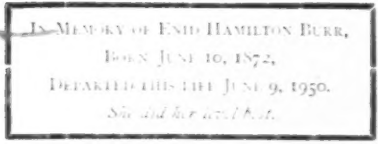
I sat with paper and pencil; but not a detail more would Impey give. I then remarked that he, Impey, the bosom friend of the bishop, was also the essence of something, the aroma of which I could find no words to describe. Impey smiled and began to hammer his shoe vigorously.

"There," said Impey, "is the new *Arena*; have you ——"

Just then Mrs. Airy came in.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Victory.



Note. The stone was engraved by a man who had been a pugilist, and who is said to have possessed gigantic strength. It was whispered that he had once lifted a church. He came under the influence of Enid Hamilton Burr and abandoned the ring. He obtained work at a monument establishment, where he did an occasional job at chiselling. He developed a singular talent for this, and his work became celebrated for its sharp, clear lines, which no one could mistead. It is said that while cutting this particular stone, the copy was lost, just as the motto was about to be engraved. He, however, finished it from memory, and gave his own version of the tribute paid to that woman who was a sinner.

Close to a by-path in the old yard of graves at Gloria Dei, can be seen the slab marking the resting place of Enid Burr. The funeral was an event. Never before or since has Southwark seen such a mourning company. Business was sus-

pended, and houses along the route were draped. Impey raised a flag. "It is a victory," he said; "see conquered society; feel freedom in the air!" The builders of sewers stopped work and uncovered their heads. Old men joined hands with little children, and made one long line of honor. As the procession moved on, subdued voices were heard bearing testimony to her worth, in overleaping the conventional limits which a false social order had set up; in not being afraid of losing her place in society by knowing the wrong people; in combining high thinking with plain living; in drawing around her a sacred circle, free from gossip, envy and strife, and in adopting perfect justice as the rule of her life, which gave her a beauty of character that pierced to the centre our shams and petty social weaknesses.

She was carried from her home on Congress Street on the shoulders of four men; a Chinaman, a negro, an Italian, and Impey. How had this respect, so cosmopolitan, been conquered? It was by the force of a great heart, in a time of social upheavals, unselfishly devoted to high and pure aims. It was the personal contact of a life with other lives; and by this personal sympathy, seeking diffusion of its best self.

Fifty years before, she had crossed the same yard of graves, a happy bride,—no, it was longer

than that—fifty-eight years ago—the year Walt Whitman died. She frequently told the story of her wedding romance; how she was married, and how after the ceremony, for their journey, they crossed the river to Camden to view the body of the gray poet, which was lying in state. Scandal-mongers had it that they were married in Camden, but this was purely a fabrication; as the Record of Gloria Dei will prove.

A little incident of that visit was often recounted. There was lying on the threshold of the poet's home on Mickle Street, a new cocoa mat, evidently gotten for the occasion; and to her it was very suggestive. There was society, that had misread, misunderstood, and interdicted his books, and execrated the man; the same society was now standing in a long line, each one patiently waiting his turn to wipe his feet, before touching the floor trod by the poet. The day was bright and the daintiest boot unsoiled; yet there was the mat with its significance, and all were bidden to wipe their feet. Light was dawning. It was the beginning of a new era; and was marked by an appreciation of the difference between poetry and rhyme. This appreciation of the realities of things has become keener year by year, until now it has developed into an appreciation of character, whether clothed in the garb of prince or

peasant. Enid Hamilton Burr continued an ardent admirer of the rugged poet, and defended him in as rugged a way as he wrote. She maintained that he was too much of a poet to be capable of rhyme; he thought too intensely to permit his muse to run into cast iron moulds of jingle.

One day, turning over the leaves of his volume, and coming upon his autograph, she remarked: "How rugged and strong it is; what a hand to lie unused! It is all very mysterious,—this cutting down of giant oaks,—this silencing of voices that sing,—this laying aside of brains that think; and then to see the weak, conventional mediocrities, the incapable, the cumberers of the ground, growing and propagating after their kind."

And this, which was so aptly spoken of Walt, might be urged with regard to herself. Why was she carried to her grave, while all sorts and conditions of men were sitting at her feet for instruction? Perhaps she who had conquered this respect could best be laid at rest. She had lived intensely and had done her work,—to such there is no death, but there comes a ripening, which causes the fruit to drop as a natural consequence, perpetuating its life in other forms and lives, while its own form shrinks and disappears. This tree might well be cut down after casting so much seed, which was even now bearing its fruit.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A Life Worth Living.

Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky, shoots higher much than he who means a tree.—*Herbert.*

After doing our best work, there follows that period of dejection, in which we refuse to recognize its excellence, and are tempted to cast it from us, as of little account. So it was with Ai, after his episcopacy of fifty years, when his hair had grown quite white, and his step uncertain. His mind never was clearer, and he saw in their true relations matters and events, but the thought of the unaccomplished task, and the vision of the unapproached goal, still so far off, greatly depressed him.

Impey wrapped around Ai his warm cloak, after one of his fevers which left him cold and exhausted. It was the day he celebrated his half century's work as a bishop. But Ai could not look upon it with any degree of enthusiasm; indeed it seemed to him a sort of failure as a work, although he admitted it was fair for a beginning.

"Come, come," said Impey, trying to rouse him up, "you must not be so modest; you must

be willing to acknowledge the good you have done and be as fair toward yourself as you have universally been to others." He then tried to recall the past, and compare it with the present. He asked Ai to try and remember, if he could, the wretched hovels, and compare them with the comfortable homes which have replaced them; how those whole sections once known as the slums, have been rebuilt, and reformed in every way.

"All but Minster Street," the bishop interjected.

"Yes," said Impey, "there is a strangeness about this, grim in the extreme; you have given every one else new homes, and clean streets, and good drainage, but you have not succeeded in giving them to yourself. It is about the only wretched street left."

"The laws, the laws, you forget those homestead laws," interjected Ai.

"Possibly you did not try for yourself so hard as you worked for others."

"Yes," replied Ai, "I had the price of the property, but I needed an equal sum for costs, so I let the matter rest."

Impey then tried to show him a silver lining, in the decay of strife among well meaning people, and in the universal coming together on some common basis of brotherhood. "The brethren do

not devour one another since you have taught them the duty of kindness toward animals." At this Ai laughed, and petted his great cat which had nestled on the edge of his cloak.

"Have I not," said Impey, "seen a bishop and a venerable Hebrew, arm in arm, going along the streets, seeing who could be the kindest? This seems to be the vision of a brotherhood." Impey intended this for a pleasantry, but it was a miscarriage. The old bishop looked up at the little locomotive upon the shelf, and then closed his eyes, and rested his head aside a case of books. Impey saw he had invaded memories.

"One can now read the papers and pass them on to friends—this seems to me an advance. By the way, that glass case of Poe's is to have a place in the Historical Rooms, and Poe's children have lived to see their father honored."

Impey then passed in review the days when intoxicating liquors were sold on the corners of streets—publicly—like bread. And the state legalized it, as it had in another age still farther back, the burning of witches. The grocery now took the place of the saloon, and in consequence men had more money for food, and more brain and energy for work, which brought still more money and greater comforts and even luxuries. He also recalled how with the saloon went a great deal of

the business of the courts, there was less strife and fewer misfortunes, and this brought about a decline of food for nourishing this legal stomach.

Here Ai corrected his reasoning, and rather thought that it was on account of the enactment of sane laws that fewer litigations took place. There were no conflicting laws to unravel—thanks to Judge Rue.

"And there you have another phenomenon," pleasantly added Impey. He then went on, "Have we not seen a general leveling in society, a leveling down and a leveling up; have we not seen the rich cease their patronizing, and the poor refusing to be patronized, but simply wanting their just rights; have we not seen capital shake hands with hard rough labor, and both acknowledge that they were mutually dependent upon one another; has not the spirit of Midas and his plan of profit sharing taken root and permeated the whole fabric of society?"

As he spoke, Impey's face glowed with excitement, and he seemed as one having a vision. He laid his hand upon Ai's shoulder and tried to rouse him to a realization of the import of these changes. "And best of all," added he, "have I not seen an unassuming man, a follower of the Nazarene, so living as not to belie his calling?" The bishop was stirred by these reminders, and

appeared to grow brighter and stronger. He reached over to the mantel for his shepherd's crook, which in his increasing years he constantly used while walking the streets. He raised himself and walked up and down the room, touching his books as if they were old friends, and straightening the pictures on the wall.

"And the diamonds," continued Impey, as he caught sight of the crook; "those empty holes in the crook have told their tale of charity and kindliness,—such a life would seem worth living."

Ai paused before a picture of an Easter Dawn, and he said he seemed to see light in the distance, —*in the distance*, he modestly repeated.

"Just laws, a wholesome press, and a kindly heart, these," said Impey, "were seen in your young vision, and their realization is *at hand*. Has not your leadership become infectious? Think of the possibilities growing out of such a home as Enid Burr's. Have you not emphasized the home life, and given a comfortable home to everybody but yourself? No, *not in the distance*;" laying his hand on Ai's shoulder; "you who have seen the day of just laws, a just administration of them, a wholesome press, and a cessation of man's inhumanity to man, have seen the *realization* of a glorious vision indeed."

Ai, however, had miscalculated his strength, and

soon sat down again, and fell into a tired sleep. Impey laid him upon the bed in the little alcove, and placed the crook beside him, to rap when necessary. He then lay down upon the rugs. When he arose, he looked into the alcove. The shepherd's crook seemed to have fallen, for it lay tightly clasped in the arm of the bishop, whose face was bright with the light of a new day.

There never was such a demonstration of universal love and sorrow, as Ai's death called forth. It permeated all classes, non-religionists and religionists, of every name, who came to do him honor.

The Presbyterians came because they admired his learning and scholarship. The Methodists did him honor because of his zeal and the enthusiasm with which he carried on his work. The Baptists loved him because he never berated them, and seemed to see much good in them. The Romanists said he was a gentleman, and never had his fling at the Pope and at the Irish. Indeed some fondly hoped to show some day, that he was Irish himself. The Lutherans liked him because he spoke in terms of admiration of the courage of Luther, in the face of bigotry and arbitrary power. The Unitarians maintained he was bright and intelligent, and scientific in his methods in searching for truths; such a man was really one of them-

selves, although he might not say so,—might not even know it; he had a happy, precious thought that no man nor class of men had a monopoly of truth. The Hebrews had a great respect for him because of his humanitarian spirit, and because he chose as his example a young carpenter,—a Jew, and was so careful lest he should caricature him. The Friends loved him because he was a man of peace; and greatly respected him because he was always armed for uncompromising warfare upon wrong and injustice. He was beloved by all Churchmen because he was faithful to his work, stood by the hard workers among the clergy, observed all the proprieties, said his private prayers at a priedieu, and wore a purple cassock.

All these followed the procession as it came out of the narrow Minster Street, and proceeded to the row of graves where he was laid in common with the poor and the unknown. Impey carried a processional cross. He could give no particular reason for it, only Ai had loved it, and it seemed to be a symbol of the crucifixion which this saviour of men underwent every day. While at the grave, Impey read a few sentences from the Koran, all to himself.

Ai had few possessions; his only will was this: "I give my personal effects to Israel Impey, my lifelong friend, who will lay me away in common

with other men—the poor, the known, and the unknown, to whom I am brother. Plant no flowers and sow no seeds; if I am worthy, the winds will bring the seeds, and the birds will aid them."

And so he was buried. There is no headstone; but the grave is known by a well-worn path leading up to it. Almost any hour you will find some one there; and going away they say, "There lies a man."

The truth so beautifully exemplified in his life will live. The true meaning of brotherhood will be better understood. He demonstrated how all may do good to all, being involved in the same problems; no one having a right to speak down, without conceding the right to speak up. Those in a condition of servitude to poverty, and those in a condition of servitude to money, must be brought face to face for emancipation, that they may free each other as they free themselves. It was as a fifth gospel to him, that he who would regenerate society must first regenerate himself, and then his virtues must act as a contagion acts, by contact man with man.

THE author would like a suggestive illustration for each page of this book. He would deem it a favor if the reader were to send or suggest a picture seen anywhere in periodical, book or print, illustrating a thought or situation on any page, noting the page it is to illustrate and where the picture can be seen.

Every such kindness will be appreciated. Address

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